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My Favorite Folk Songs

Marcella Sembrich

Boston: Oliver Ditson Company

New York: Chas. H. Ditson & Co. Chicago: Lyon & Healy

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Biographical Sketch

Praxede Marcelline Kochanska, who took her mother's maiden name of Sembrich for her professional career, was born in Wisniofczyk, in Galicia, Poland. Her father, Casimir, was a true musician, and she took her first lessons in piano playing from him, at the age of four. When she was six years old he began to teach her the violin. She went to the conservatory at Lemberg, where her teacher was Guillaume Stengel, who subsequently became her husband.

When, at the advice of Professor Epstein, she decided to cultivate her voice and abandon the career of a virtuosa, she studied in Vienna and Milan with Lamperti. She made her first appearance in Athens and was immediately engaged for the Royal Opera House in Dresden, where, at the age of nineteen, she made her début as Lucia with brilliant success. But she was destined for a world career and, in 1880, was singing with great success at Covent Garden in London. Later she appeared in Paris, Petrograd, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid and the leading cities of Europe, always with the most triumphant results. She came to the United States first with Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1883, and returned there in 1897, remaining until 1909. She has appeared since in concert only and has won a new fame through her song recitals, which have been annual features of the musical season in the chief American cities.

VM

Preface

IT is wise, I think, for any one presenting a collection of songs to public notice to accompany it with a statement of the principles which were followed in making the selection. It is especially wise and, indeed, almost imperatively necessary that this be done in the case of folksongs, which represent a field that has been actively cultivated for comparatively a short time, and concerning which there is still a great deal of confusion and diversity of opinion in the minds not only of the public but also of critical writers on music. In the case of the songs of acknowledged masters of composition one may follow one's likings as far as one pleases and still provide a great variety of kind. If the same policy were followed in the making of a collection of folksongs, however, there would be great danger of neglecting one of the highest purposes which such a collection ought to serve. Folksongs are reflections of the feelings and predilections of many peoples whose characteristic manner of musical expression they preserve and exemplify. Many of them are tragic in contents and manner, and if a singer whose style is dominantly lyrical should cull from the general literature only such songs as seemed most engaging to him or her the collection would not be truly representative. On the other hand a singer with taste and style tending onesidedly toward the dramatic would be apt to neglect the songs of a purely lyrical nature. There should be no limitation of this character in a collection which aims to be comprehensively representative, even though it be an expression of an artist's likings, as this confessedly is.

Though I have gathered together in this volume a great many of the songs which I love best and which have seemed to give the greatest pleasure to my audiences during the last twelve or fifteen years in which I have made an occasional feature of folksongs in my public recitals, I have yet tried to take a wider view than a merely personal one so as to make the collection widely and comprehensively representative. I have also adhered, as closely as possible, to the principle of selection which I laid down when I began singing folksongs in public; I have restricted the selection to songs which conform to the scientific definition advocated by such writers and investigators as Professor Friedlander and Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, namely, that folksongs are the

creations of the folk and not of the individuals inspired by conscious art. Beautiful as many *Volksthumliche Lieder* (as the Germans call them) are, I have thought it best to restrict the examples in this collection to true *Volkslieder*.

In introducing folksongs into my recital programs I was by no means actuated solely by a desire to serve educational ends. Finding a great deal of pleasure in the songs because of their melodic loveliness and simplicity and the genuineness and warmth of their sentiment, in which I could not help recognizing phases of the emotional life of the different peoples of the world, I felt that their melodic and rhythmical beauty and naïve eloquence would win recognition in the concert-room and that the songs would bear comparison with the best products of the modern masters of artistic song. In fact it is by bringing folksongs and art songs into juxtaposition that the influence which the former have had upon the latter can best be shown. The songs of the people can thus help artists and public to an appreciation of the products of the great composers. Can any one hear the strophic songs of Schubert, Franz and Brahms, without perceiving in them an echo of German folksong? Are not such songs as Brahm's *Sonntag*, *Der Gang zum Liebchen*, *Minnelied*, and *Der Jäger* permeated through and through with the spirit of folksong, and is not the same influence observable also in their structure? Modern civilization has atrophied the faculty which created the folksong almost everywhere; but its spirit is stirring today as never before within over a century. Never before have the composers of all schools been so influenced by it and never before, since the long ago when it was created, has it so fully fulfilled its mission as a medium of popular or national expression. I have therefore found it a pleasant duty to cull these specimens from the songs of many peoples of Teutonic, Slavic and Romanic origin, knowing that in them lies the spirit of Teutonic, Slavic and Romanic art and that when they are sung they will find an echo in the hearts of lovers of music all over the world.

Marcella Sembrich

New York, November, 1917.

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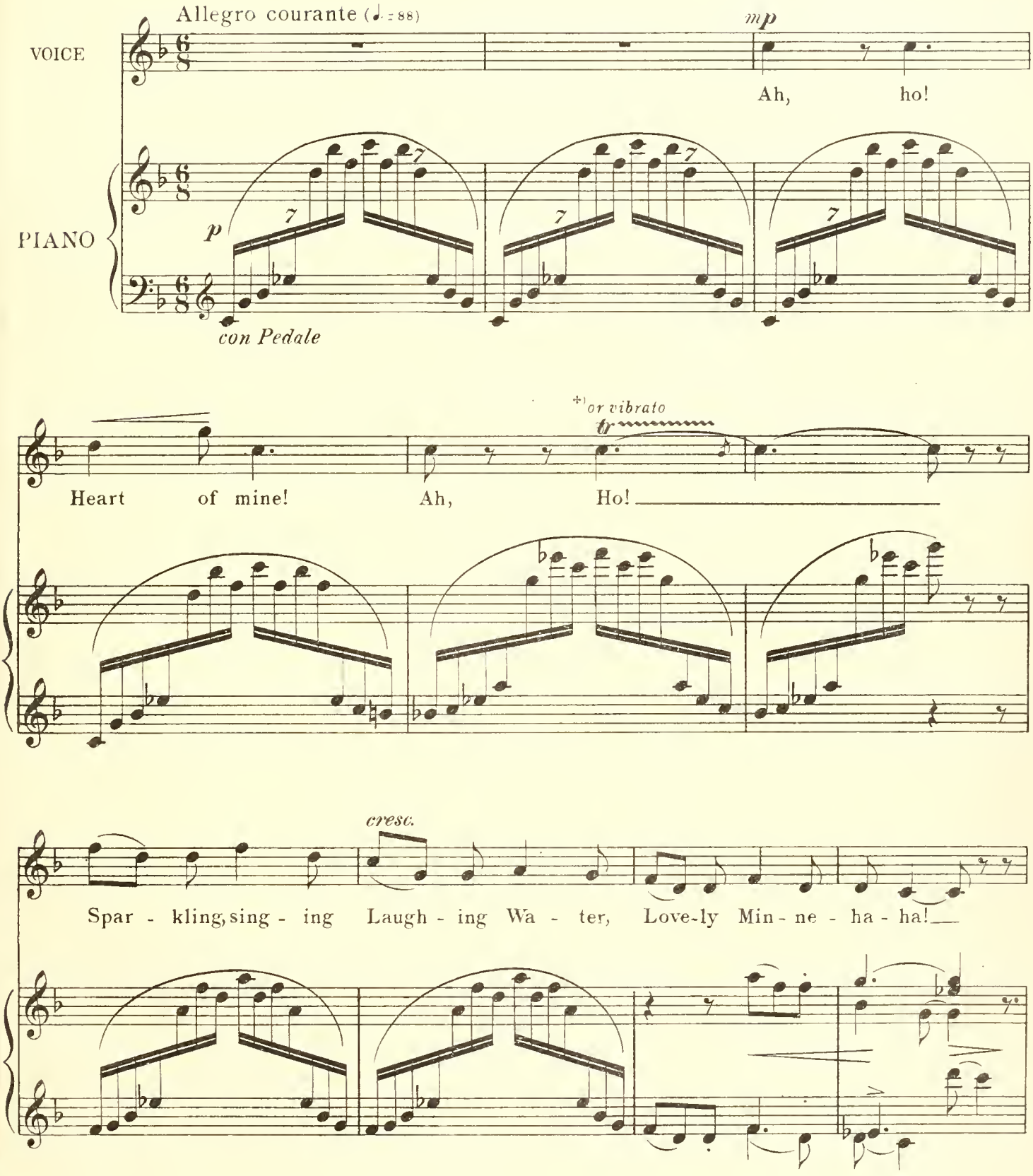
LAUGHING WATER

*)(BE-THAE WA-AN)

English Text by H. W. L.

Pawnee Indian Melody
Harmonized by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS



*) Indian love music. This tune was sung without words.

+) The Indian makes a pulsation of the voice, rather than a trill.

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Bright as the smile of A - pril sun, Heart of mine!

p

cresc.

Best be - loved! Mu - sic of morn - ing, Beau - ty's daugh - ter,

Love - ly Min - ne - ha - ha! Sweet as a dream when

Ped.

June is done, Heart of mine! Best be - loved!

p

CODA

O - ver the prai - rie I ha - sten to thee. Ah!

accel.

f

accel.

sempre con Pedale

a tempo

mp

cresc.

[1] From an Indian flageolet love-call.

LITTLE PAPOOSE

*)(WAE-TON WA-AN)

English Text by H.W.L.

Omaha Indian Melody
Harmonized by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegretto (♩= 92)

PIANO

p

con Pedale

p

Soft - ly slum - ber, my ba - by man;
Heah e tha ae he thae thae,

colla

poco rit.

legato

Cres - cent Moon of Straw - ber - ries floats a - bove the
Heah e tha ae ha ah ae he e

sempre legato

a tempo

pines, While gen - tly thy cra - dle
thae +)Ae - de - he - ke

*) Wae-ton Wa-an, Woman's Song.

+) *Ae-de-he-ke,* when he gets there; *wa shu shae,* brave.

The words in Italics have no meaning; they correspond to tra la la.

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rocks on the bough. Dream a
wa - shu shae *Heah* e

dream of the years to come, Dream of vic - to - ry's
tha ae he thae thae, *Heah* e *tha ae*

molto legato sempre

mu - sic, Thou as the he - ro chief.
ha, *Oh ae he e thae.*

pp *Ha* *yah*

mp *p*

ho!

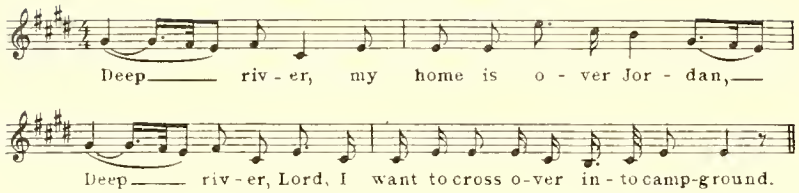
rall. *pp*

pp

*) From this point the Indian continues the tune an octave lower.

DEEP RIVER

American Negro Melody



Negro Spiritual
Arranged by WILLIAM ARMS FISHER
Op. 19, No. 1

Lento

VOICE

PIANO

pp *p*

Deep riv - er, my home is o - ver Jor - dan, Deep riv - er, Lord, I want to cross o - ver in - to camp-ground.

rit.

Orchestra parts—50¢

Note:- In making this arrangement the beautiful piano transcription by the late Coleridge-Taylor has been closely followed. W. A. F.

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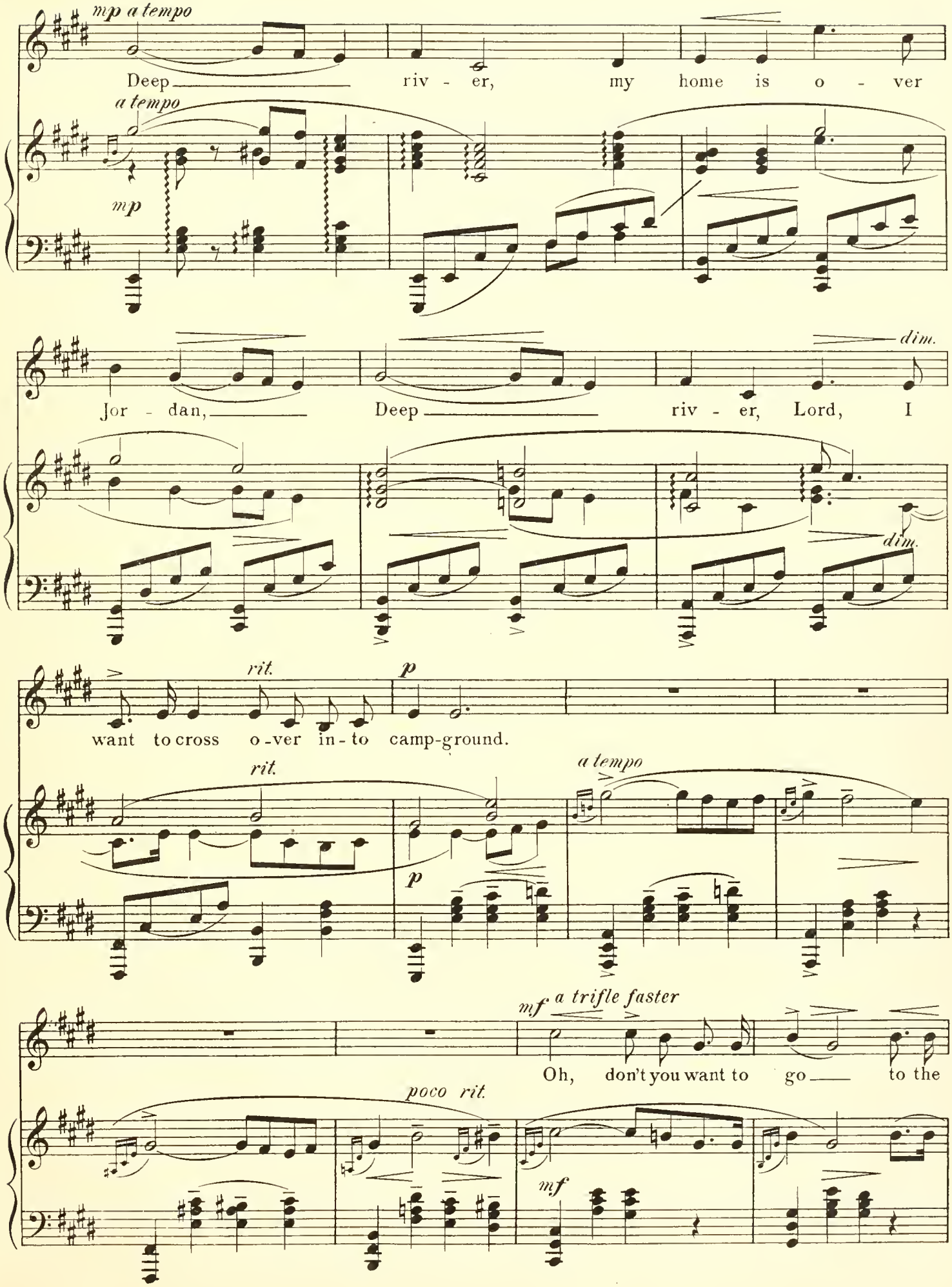
mp a tempo
Deep riv - er, my home is o - ver
a tempo
mp
Jor - dan, Deep riv - er, Lord, I
dim.
dim.
rit.
p
want to cross o-ver in-to camp-ground.
rit.
p
a tempo
mf a trifle faster
Oh, don't you want to go to the
poco rit.
mf

f *dim.*

gos - pel feast, That prom - ised land where

f *f* *dim.*

p *cresc.*

all is peace, Oh! don't you want to go to that

p *cresc.*

dim. e rit.

prom - ised land, that land where all is peace?

rit. *dim.*

Tempo I

p

Deep riv - er, my home is o - ver

p

Jor - dan, Deep riv - er, Lord, I

p *molto rit.* *pp*

want to cross o - ver in - to camp - ground.

molto rit. *più rit.*

p *pp* *ppp*

REASSURED
(DIE BERUHIGTE)

Translated by A. M. von Blomberg — Austrian Folksong

Gaily

VOICE

1. When at the break of day I to my sweet - heart stray,
2. "Yes, yes, my love," I say, Then is she blithe and gay,

1. Wann i hald frua af - schteh Und zu main'm Di - ärnd'l geh,
2. Sag i'm Di - ärn - d'l: „Ja!" Is s'glai hearz - li fra,

PIANO

Very fast

"Oh," says my sweet-heart, "Pray Love, are you e'er true, And how are you? A - ny thing
Nor does she ask all day: "Love, are you e'er true, And how are you? A - ny thing

Fragt mi das Di - ärnd'l: „he, Kimst o - da kimst nid, O - da wiä geht's, O - da wiä
Frägt mi da nim - ma „he, Kimst o - da kimst nid, O - da wiä geht's, O - da wiä

new? Where do you go? What do you do? Is your love now and e'er true?"
new? Where do you go? What do you do? Is your love now and e'er true?"

schteht's, O - da was tuäst, O - da was traibst, O - da bin i da nid liäb?"
schteht's, O - da was tuäst, O - da was traibst, O - da bin i da nid liäb?"

col voce

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THE SORROW OF LOVE
(LIEBESKUMMER)

Translated by A. M. von Blomberg

Austrian Folksong

Rather slowly

VOICE

Ah, 1. What makes the for - est dark? Ah,
Ah, 2. What makes the for - est dark? Ah,
Ah, 3. What makes the for - est dark? Ah,
A, 1. Dass's im Wald fin - st'r is, A,
A, 2. Dass's im Wald fin - st'r is, A,
A, 3. Dass's im Wald fin - st'r is, A,

PIANO

'Tis but the wood. Ah, My sweet - heart
'Tis but the trees. Ah, That she is
'Tis but the leaves. Ah, She loves an -
Das macht das Holz. A, Dass mein Schatz
Das ma - ch'n d'Bam; A, Dass mi main
Das macht das Lab; A, Dass main Schatz an'a -

makes me proud, Ah, She's fair and good.
fond of me, Ah, My own eye sees.
oth - er too, Ah, That hurts and grieves.
sau - b'r is, A, Das macht mi stolz.
Schatz nid mag, A, Das glaub i kam.
an - dan had, A, Das macht mi harb.

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LAMENT
(STESK)

Translated by Deems Taylor

Bohemian Folksong
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

In slow waltz time (♩ = 104)

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. Sad is my emp - ty life, Gone is all
1. Ach, ne - ni tu, ne - ni, co - by mne

p

mf

hap - pi - ness, Emp - ty and sad my life, Gone all my_
te - si - lo, Ach ne - ni tu, ne - ni co mne te -

p *poco* *cresc.* *strin - - gen - - do*

joys. Van - ish'd all hap - pi - ness, Leav - ing me
si! Co mne te - si - wa - lo, wo - dau up -

p *poco* *strin - - gen - - do*

p a tempo *p*

com - fort - less; Sad is my emp - ty life, Gone all my joys.
ly - nu - lo, Ach ne - ni tu, ne - ni, co mne te - si.

a tempo

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mf

2. Nev - er does For - tune bring Aught that can
2. Po - rád mne dá - wa - gi, co - se mne

p *mf*

com - fort me. All that she of - fer - eth Sor - row de -
ne - li - bi; po - rád mne dá - wa - gi, co ja ne -

p *poco* *cresc.* *strin - - gen - - do*

stroys. Vain - ly the youth I choose, Odd is the
chei. Dá - wa - gi mne wdow - ce, ten má jen

p *poco* *strin - - gen - - do*

p a tempo *p*

swain that woos. Sad is my emp - ty life, Gone all my joys.
pul srd - ce Pul ho dal ne - boz - ce, pul by dal mne.

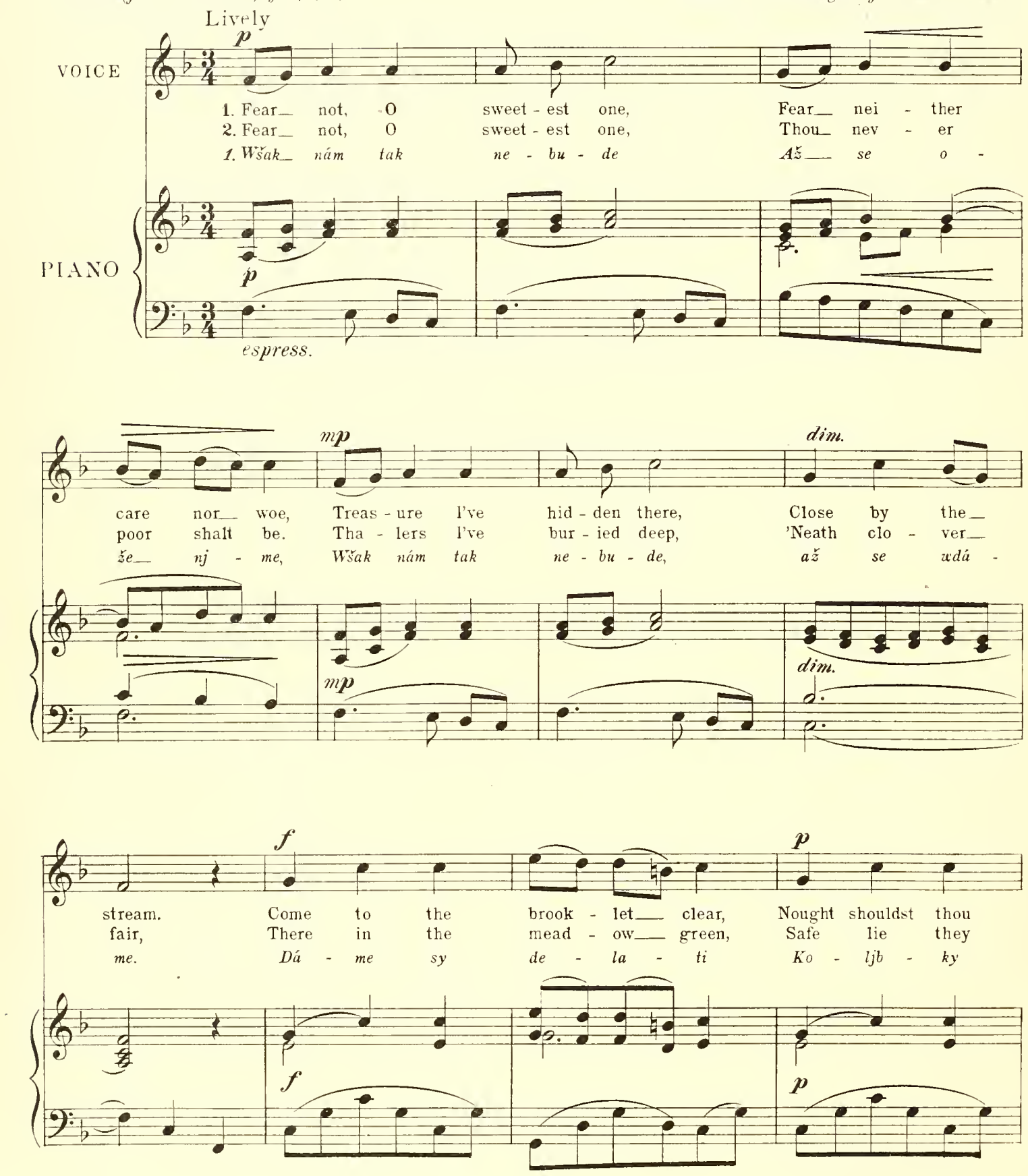
a tempo

THE TREASURE
(WŠAK NÁM TAK, NEBUDE)

(Bohemia)

German text by A. WALDEN
Translated (from the German) by H. F. B.

Song and Dance Tune
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock



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rit. *mf a tempo*

have_ to___ fear, Wait then, sweet, joy - ous - ly, Swift - ly mine
all___ un - seen: Wait then, sweet, joy - ous - ly, Swift - ly mine
na___ dě - ti, Wšak nám tak ne - bu - de až___ se o -

rit. *mf a tempo*

dim. *p* *dim.*

shalt thou be, Fear not, O sweet-est one, Sor - row shall flee.
shalt thou be. Hope on with pa- tient heart, Un - til I___ come.
že___ nj - me, Wšak nám tak ne - bu - de, až se wdá - me.

dim. *p* *dim.*

1.

Nicht fürchte, Liebchen, dich
vor Noth und Sorgen:
Ein'n Schatz besitze ich
am Bach verborgen.
Unten am klaren Bach,
Bedeckt mit grünem Moos:
Freu' dich, süss Liebchen mein,
wirst bald die Meine sein,
Dann schwindet jede Noth,
Kummer und Pein!

2.

Nicht fürchte, Liebchen, dich
vor Bettlergaben;
Ich hab' die Thaler schon
im Feld vergraben;
Im Feld, im grünen Klee,
Dass dort kein Mensch sie seh':
Freu' dich, süss Liebchen mein,
wirst bald die Meine sein,
Nur gedulde dich, mein Kind,
bis ich sie find'!

As the Bohemian text is untranslatable, Dr. Reimann gives the above German version as an equivalent.

THE OUTLAW
(TRI GODINI)
(Bulgaria)

Translated by H. F. B.

Folksong
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Largo

VOICE

PIANO

1. In the dun - geon have I lan - guish'd for three long years;
1. Tri go - di - ni v'tam - ni - - - ca Če - ti - - - ri v'pran -

Ah! my grief out - - weighs my fears.
ga. Do - de - ja mi zi - vo - - ta.

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mf *pp* *mf* *pp*

2. Pa - rents have I none to help
2. Ne - mam bas - ta, ni maj - -

mf *pp* *mf* *pp*

dim. *mf* *pp*

me in my need, Nei-ther broth - er nor sis - ter
ka Ni - to brat nit ses -

dim. *mf* *trem.* *fp* *mf*

con espress.

mf *p* *cresc.* *f* *rit.* *pp*

Ah! my life is hard in - deed.
tra Do - de - ja mi ži - vo - ta.

sfz *p* *cresc.* *f* *rit.* *pp*

GAI LON LA

Translated by C. F. M.

French Canadian Folksong
Arranged by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Down by my moth - er's
2. Night - in - gales there are

1. Par der - rier' chez ma
2. Le ros - si - gnol y

dwell - ing For - ests their bran - ches spread, Night - in - gales
trill - ing 'Mong the leaves o - ver - head; Songs of de -

tan - te Lui y'a - t'un bois jo - li; Le ros - si -
chan - te Et le jour et la nuit. Il chan - te

ten. *rit.*

there are trill - ing 'Mong the leaves o - ver - head.
light they're tell - ing Maids who are not yet wed.

gnol y chan - te Et la jour et la nuit.
pour ces bel - les Qui n'ont pas de ma - ri.

ten. *rit.*

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f a tempo

Gai lon la, ro - ses are gay
Gai lon la, gai le ro - sier

a tempo

f

In the fair month of May.
Du jo - li mois de mai.

3.
Songs of delight they're telling
Maids who are not yet wed;
Love has already crown'd me
And to the altar led.
Gai lon la, *etc.*

4.
Love has already crown'd me
And to the altar led;
But my dear lad did leave me,
For us to fight he sped.
Gai lon la, *etc.*

5.
But my dear lad did leave me,
For us to fight he sped;
Ever forebodings grieve me,
Captive is he, or dead.
Gai lon la, *etc.*

6.
Ever forebodings grieve me,
Captive is he, or dead; —
Sweetheart, he lives, believe me!
Greet him with kisses glad.
Gai lon la, *etc.*

3.
Il chante pour ces belles
Qui n'ont pas de mari.
Il ne chant' pas pour moi
Car j'en ai-t-un joli.
Gai lon la, etc.

4.
Il ne chant' pas pour moi
Car j'en ai-t-un joli.
Il n'est point dans la danse,
Il est bien loin d'ici.
Gai lon la, etc.

5.
Il n'est point dans la danse,
Il est bien loin d'ici;
Il est dans la Hollande:
Les Hollandais l'ont pris.
Gai lon la, etc.

6.
Il est dans la Hollande:
Les Hollandais l'ont pris.
—Que donnieriez-vous, belle,
Qui l'amèn'rait ici?
Gai lon la, etc.

WHY SO SILENT, TELL ME, BIRDIE
(PAUN I KOLO)

Translated by H. F. B.

(Bosnia)

Folksong
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderato (♩= 42)

VOICE

PIANO

p *pten.*

Why so si - lent, tell me, bird - ie, Why so si - lent? Tell me, bird - ie dear, tell me, bird - ie dear.

Pa - un pa - se, tra - va ra - ste, pa - u - ne moj! pa - u - ne moj! pa - u - ne moj!

mf *pp* *rall.*

mf Allegretto (♩= 92)

Art thou griev - ing for thy free - dom, My bird - ie, my bird - ie? Art thou long - ing for the wood - land, my bird - ie, bird - ie dear?

Pa - u - na nam no - ge bo - le, pa - un moj, pa - un moj! Pa - u - na nam o - ci bo - le, pa - un moj pa - un moj!

p *rall.*

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THE JASMIN-FLOWER
(MOO-LEE-HWA)

Chinese Folksong
Arranged H. E. Krehbiel

Andante

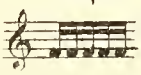
PIANO

mp

1. Sweet and fair, a— jas - min-flow'r, Sweet and fair, a— jas - min-flow'r
1. How yé— to— sien hwa - a - a, How yé— to— sien hwa - a - a,

Bloom'd with-in my— sum - mer bow'r, Bloom'd with - in my— sum - mer bow'r,
Yu chow yu ché lo tsai go kia, Yu chow yu ché lo tsai go— kia,

Hap - py—hours, Fra - grant flow'rs.
Tui choi sien, hwa'rh— lah.—

The figure  is intended to imitate the wooden gong on which the Chinese leader of an orchestra beats. It should be played dryly but made prominent. *H. E. K.*

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2. Fra - grant, charm- ing jas - - min-flow'r,
2. How yé— to— Moo - lee - - hwa - a,

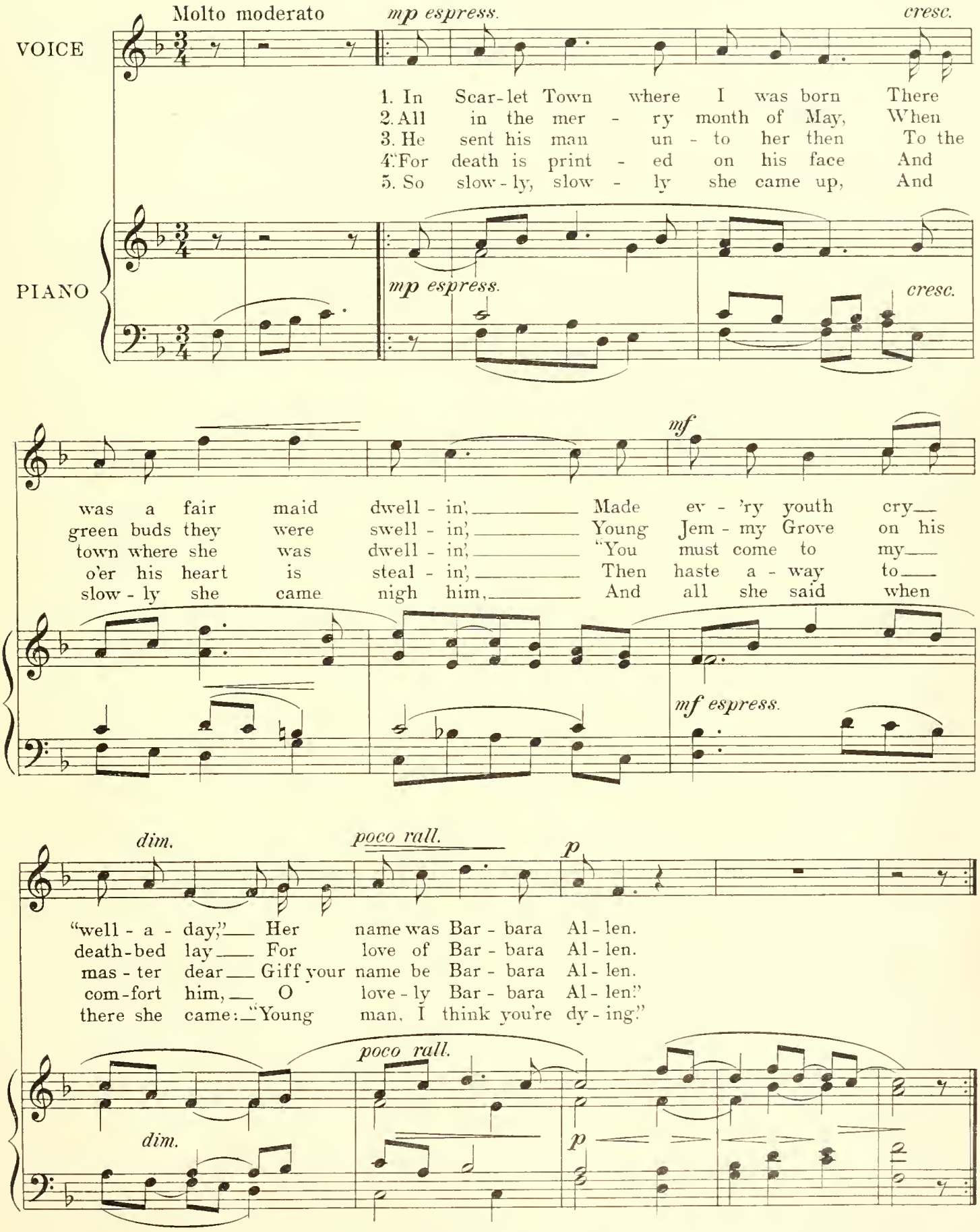
Fra - grant, charm-ing jas - - min-flow'r, Bloom-ing in my— sum - mer bow'r,
How yé— to— Moo - lee - - hwa - a, Man yuen hwa kai soey pow kwe ta,

Bloom - ing in my— sum - mer bow'r, Nev - er— will I part from thee,
Man yuen hwa kai soey pow kwe ta, Go— pown tai— tsai yé— ta

Do thou for - tune— bring me,— Do thou for - tune— bring.
Tai yu— kung ka hwa kin ma,— Tai yu kung ka hwa kin.

BARBARA ALLEN

English Folksong
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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mp espress. *cresc.*

6. He turn'd his face un - to her, straight, With dead - ly sor - row
7. "If on your death - bed you do lie, What needs the tale you're
8. He turn'd his face un - to the wall As dead - ly pangs he
9. As she was walk - ing o'er the fields She heard the bell a -
10. She turn'd her bod - y round a - bout And spied the corpse a -

mp espress. *cresc.*

mf *dim.*

sigh - ing: "O love - ly maid, come pit - y me; I'm
tell - in'; I can - not keep you from your death; Fare -
fell in; "A - dieu! A - dieu! A-dieu to you all! A -
knell - in'; And ev - 'ry stroke did seem to say, "Un -
com - ing; "Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said, "That

mf espress. *dim.*

poco rall. *p*

on my death - bed ly - ing."
well," said Bar - bara Al - len.
dieu to Bar - bara Al - len."
worth - y Bar - bara Al - len!"
I may look up - on him."

poco rall. *p*

mp espress. *cresc.*

11. With scorn - ful eye she look - ed down, Her cheek with laugh - ter
12. When he was dead and laid in grave Her heart was struck with
13. Hard - heart - ed crea - ture him to slight Who lov - ed me so
14. She, on her death - bed as she lay, Begg'd to be bur - ied
15. "Fare - well," she said, "ye vir - gins all, And shun the fault I

mp espress. *cresc.*

mf *dim.* *poco rall.*

swell - in'; Whilst all her friends cried out a - main: "Un - worth - y Bar - bara
sor - row; "O moth - er, moth - er, make my bed, For I shall die to -
dear - ly! O that I'd been more kind to him When he was a - live and
by him, And sore re - pent - ed of the day That she did e'er de -
fell in; Hence - forth take warn - ing by the fall Of cru - el Bar - bara

poco rall.

mf espress. *dim.*

p 11, 12, 13, 14. *Last time*

Al - len!"
mor - row.
near me!"
ny him.
Al - len."

p *pp*

PRETTY POLLY OLIVER

English Air of the Seventeenth Century

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Allegretto grazioso

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. As pret - ty Pol - ly O - li - ver sat mus - ing, 'tis said, A com - i - cal fan - cy came in - to her head; Nor fa - ther nor moth - er shall make me false prove, I'll list for a sol - dier and fol - low my love.

2. So in sol - dier's at - tire to the wars she set out, And bore a brave part in both raid and in rout; In the bat - tle she found him slight - ly wound - ed and low On the ground where he lay with his face to the foe.

rit.

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f

3. Now Pol - ly he
4. The ser - geant, he

a tempo

mf

mf

knew in a mo - ment's quick glance, And he cried: "Why, my dear, now I've_
sent for the par - son to come, And cou - ple the lov - ers who'd

met you in France;" But the lass, she said "nay, he_ was_ sure - ly mis -
fol - low'd the drum; And Pol - ly, re - stored to_ her_ wom - an - ly

rit.

took," But her words were be - lied_ by the love_ in her look.
state, Found all she had sought in a home and a mate.

rit.

THE THREE RAVENS

Old Ballad (circa 1611)
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Lento espressivo

VOICE

PIANO

mp *cresc.*

1. There were three ra - vens sat on a tree, Down a down, hey
2. Down in yon - der green field, Down a down, hey

mp *cresc.*

mf *f sostenuto*

down, hey down, They were as black as they might be, With a down.
down, hey down, There lies a knight slain un - der his shield, With a down.

mf *f*

mp *dim.*

The one of them said to his make Where shall we now our
His hounds lie down at his feet, So well do they their

mp *dim.*

p rit. *pp*

break - fast take, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.
mas - ter keep, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.

p rit. *pp*

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mp *cresc.*

3. His hawks they fly so ea - ger - ly, Down a down, hey
4. She lift - ed up his blood - y head, Down a down, hey
5. She bur - ied him be - - fore the prime, Down a down, hey

mp *cresc.*

mf *f sostenuto*

down, hey down, There's no fowl that dare him come nigh, With a down.
down, hey down, And kiss'd his wounds that were so red, With a down.
down, hey down, She was dead her - self ere e - ven-song time, With a down.

mf *f*

mp *dim.*

Down there comes a fal - low doe, As great with young as
She got him up up - on her back And car - ried him to the
God send ev - 'ry gen - tle - man Such hawks such hounds, and

mp *dim.*

p rit. *pp*

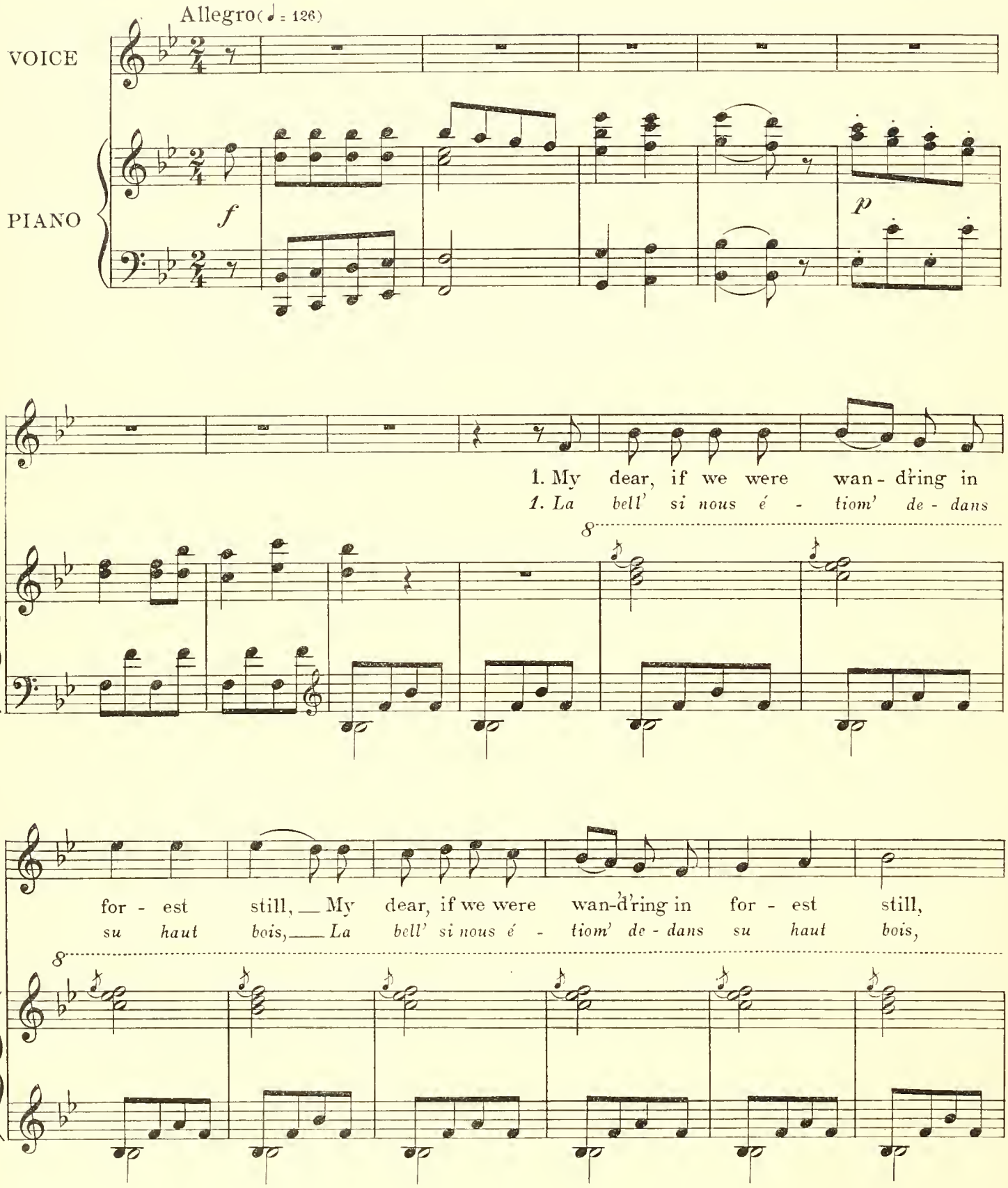
she might go, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.
earth - en lake, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.
such a loved one, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.

p rit. *pp*

MY DEAR, IF WE WERE WANDERING
(LA BELL' SI NOUS ÉTIOM' DEDANS)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

Normandy Folksong
Arranged by J. B. Wekerlin



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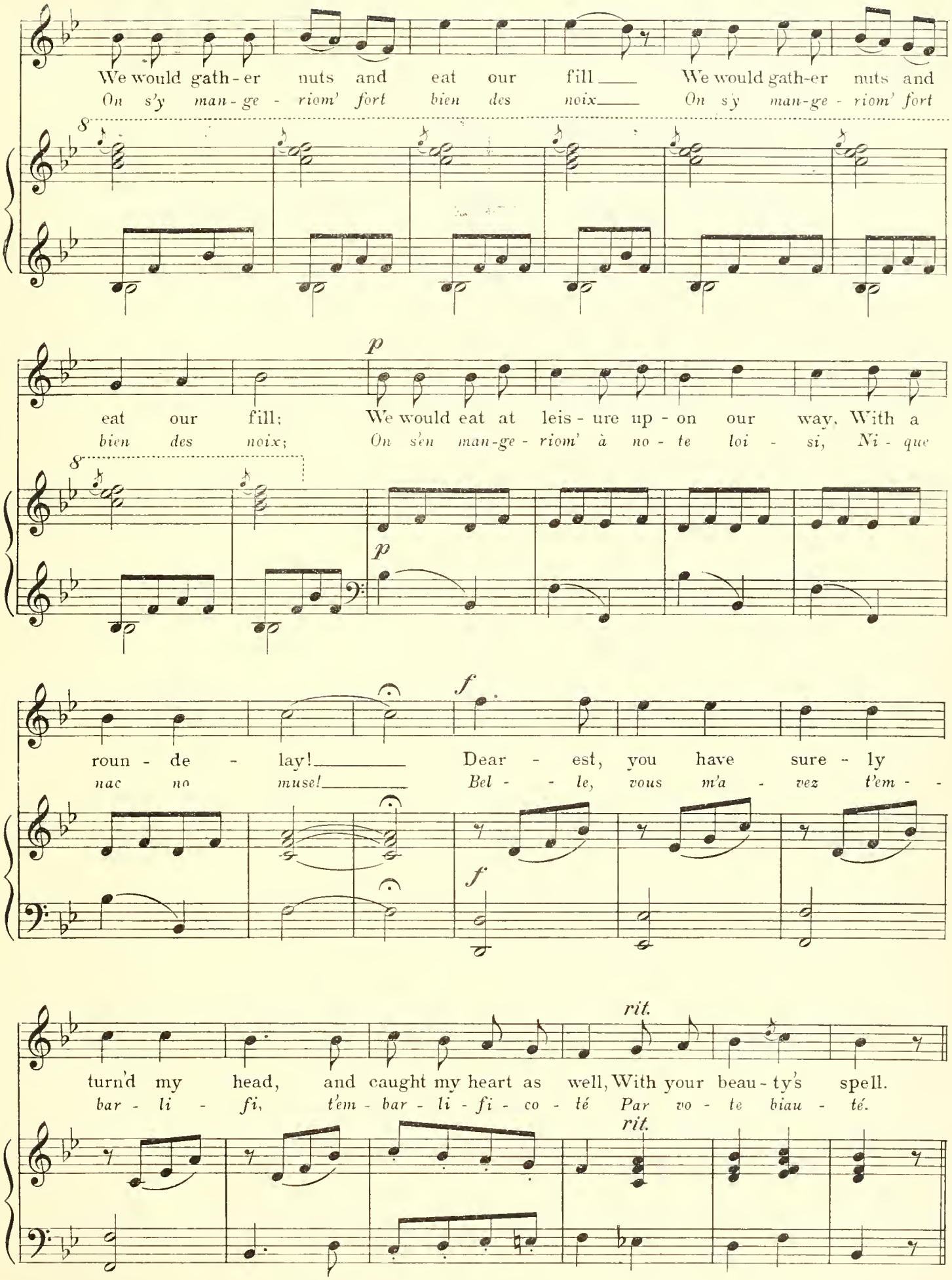
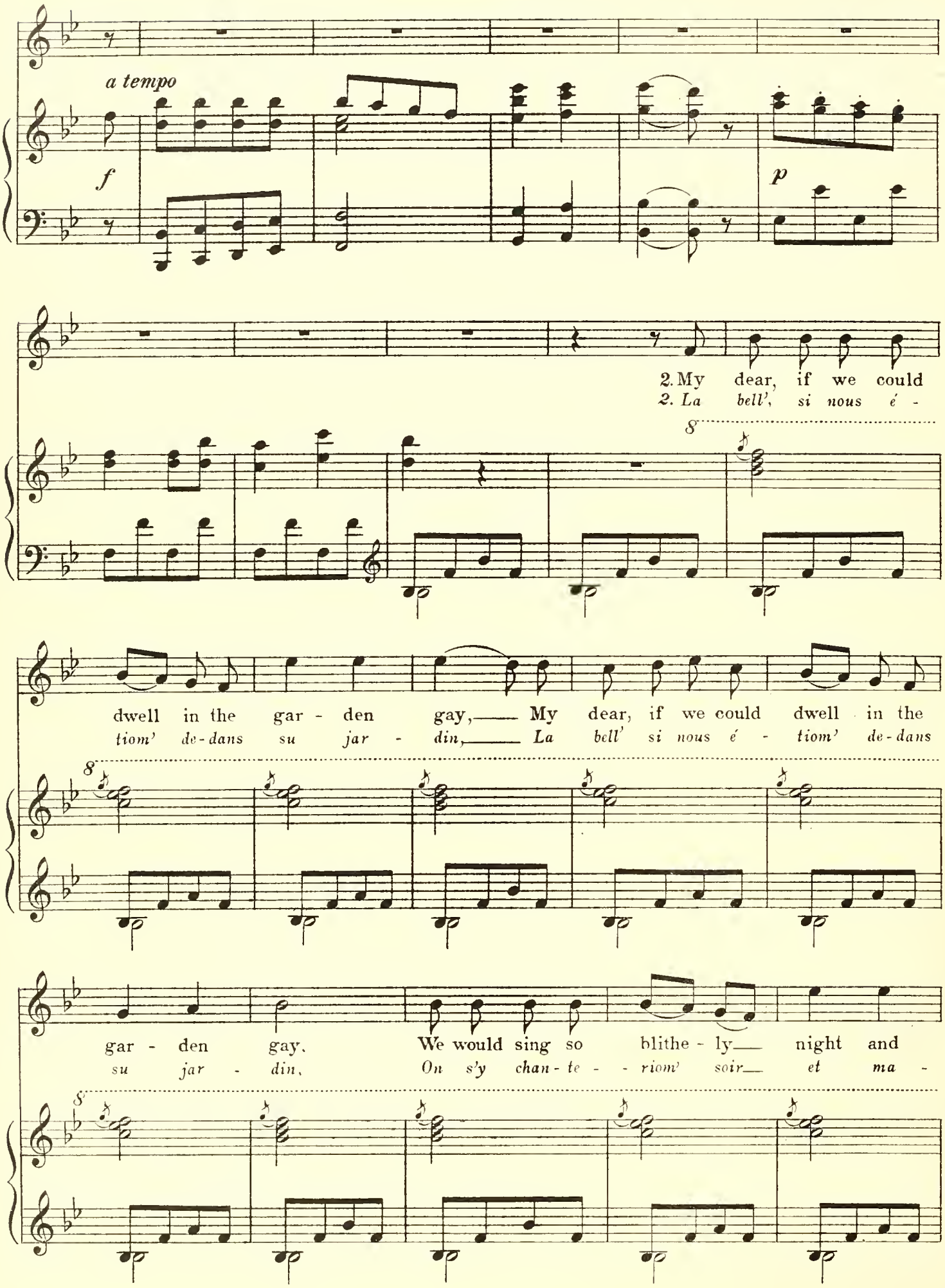
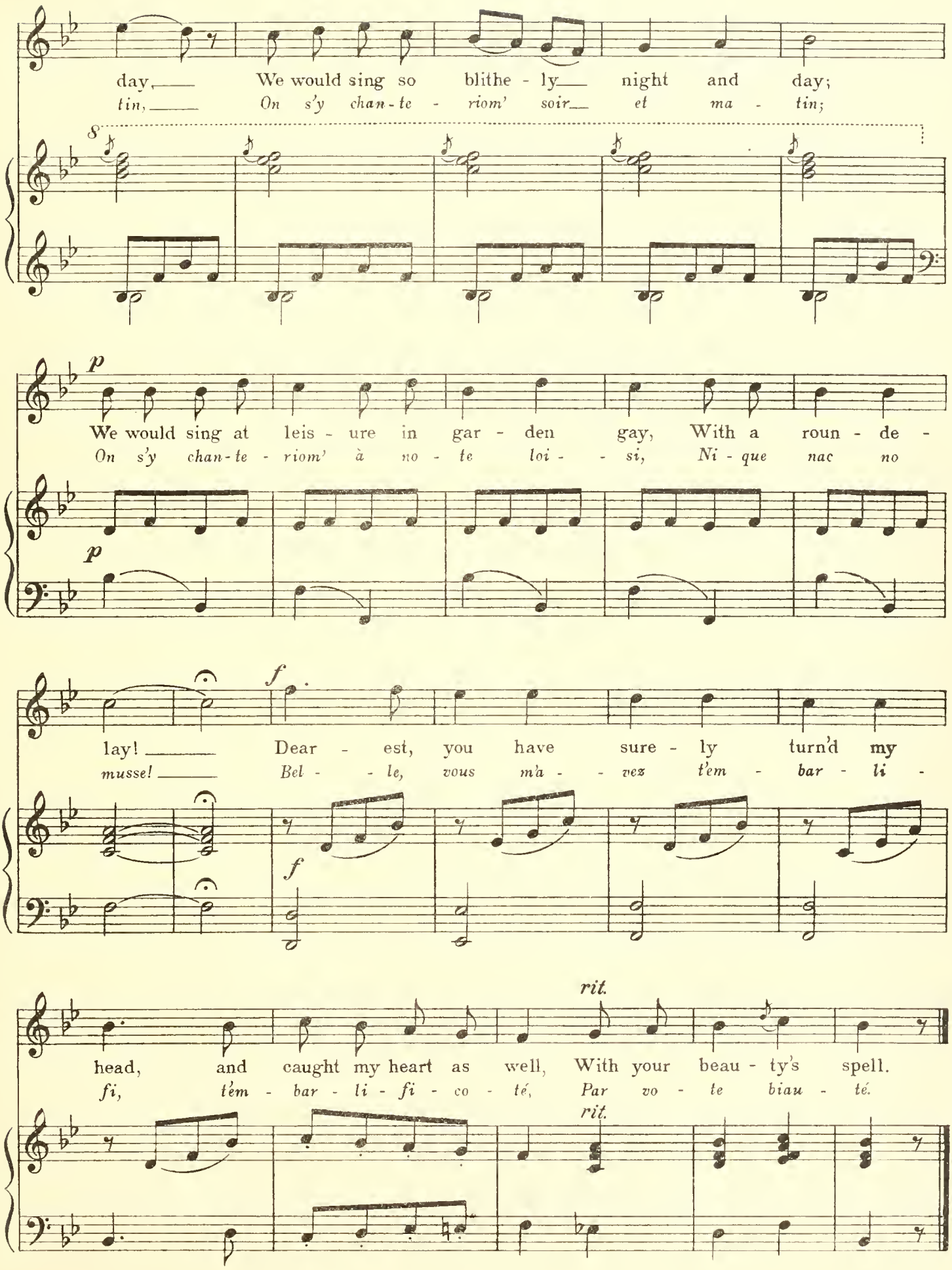

We would gath-er nuts and eat our fill ___ We would gath-er nuts and
On s'y man-ge - riom' fort bien des noix ___ On s'y man-ge - riom' fort
8
p
eat our fill; We would eat at leis-ure up-on our way, With a
bien des noix; On s'en man-ge - riom' à no - te loi - si, Ni - que
8
p
f
roun - de - lay! ___ Dear - est, you have sure - ly
nac no muse! ___ Bel - - le, vous m'a - vez t'em - -
f
rit.
turn'd my head, and caught my heart as well, With your beau-ty's spell.
bar - li - fi, t'em - bar - li - fi - co - té Par vo - te biau - té.
rit.


a tempo
f
p
2. My dear, if we could
2. La bell', si nous é -
8
dwell in the gar - den gay, My dear, if we could dwell in the
tiom' de-dans su jar - din, La bell' si nous é - tiom' de-dans
8
gar - den gay. We would sing so blithe - ly night and
su jar - din, On s'y chan - te - - riom' soir et ma -
8


day, We would sing so blithe - ly night and day;
tin, On s'y chan-te - riom' soir et ma - tin;
8
p
We would sing at leis - ure in gar - den gay, With a roun - de -
On s'y chan-te - riom' à no - te loi - - si, Ni - que nac no
p
f
lay! Dear - est, you have sure - ly turn'd my
musse! Bel - - le, vous m'a - - vez t'em - bar - li -
f
rit.
head, and caught my heart as well, With your beau - ty's spell.
fi, tem - bar - li - fi - co - té, Par vo - te biau - té.
rit.

NIGHTINGALE SWEETLY SINGING
(ROUSSIGNOULET QUI CANTOS)

Béarnese Song

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Edited and arranged by
JULIEN TIERSOT

Calm and sustained
(Calme et soutenu)

PIANO

mf

1. Night-in-gale sweet-ly sing - - ing,_ There on the bough a - bove, Rap-tured your
1. Rous - si-gnou - let qui can - - tos,_ Sus la bran - que paü - sat, Que t'platz et

p

song is ring - - ing, Near you the mate you love. While I am sad - ly
que t'en - can - - tos_ Aü - près de ta miey - tat. Et you, plé de tris

griev - ing, Bur-den'd my heart with care,_ My own true love I'm leav - - ing,_
*tes - so, Lou cos tout en - cla bat,_ En quit-tan ma mes - tres - se_*

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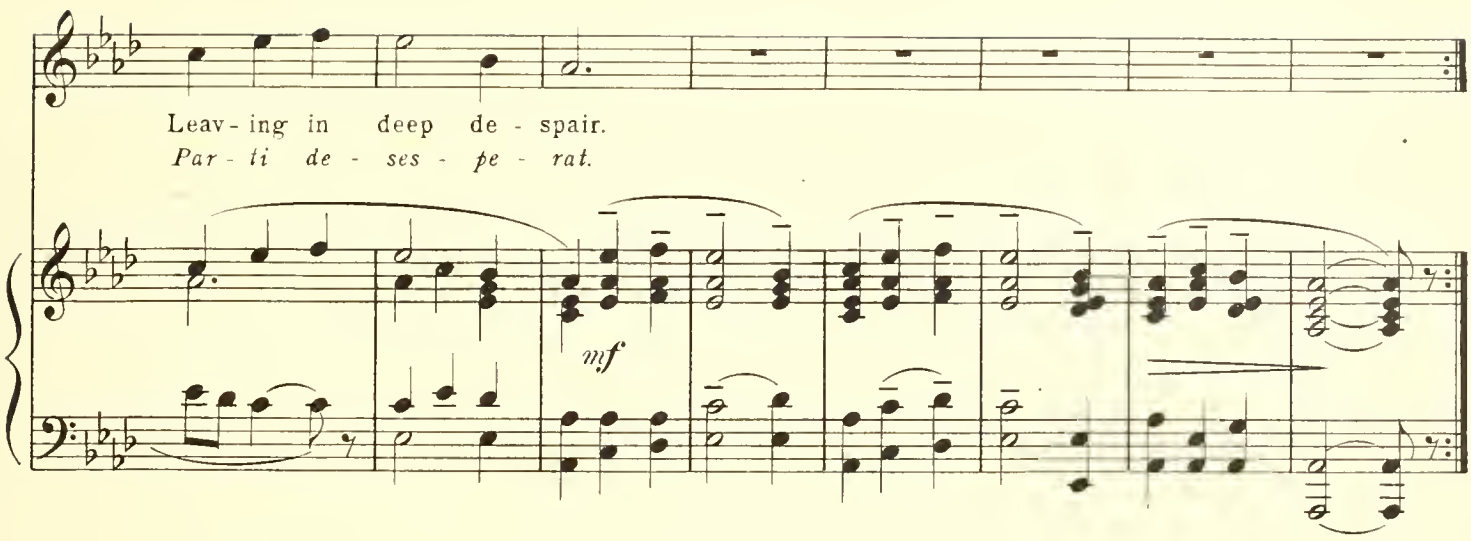


English

1.

Nightingale sweetly singing,
There on the bough above,
Raptured your song is ringing,
Near you the mate you love;
While I am sadly grieving,
Burden'd my heart with care,
My own true love I'm leaving,
Leaving in deep despair!

2.

She knew, her heart foretelling,
Each must the other leave.
How my own heart was swelling,
Grieving to see her grieve.
Softly her low voice dying,
Hand in mine she did say:
"Joyless my heart is sighing,
For we must part to-day!"

3.

As when her mate they sever
From the fond turtle-dove,
Thus my heart, faithful ever,
Dreams but of you, my love!
Since but for you I'm living,
To friendship's call be true,
Sorrow for sorrow giving,
Here in our last adieu!

Béarnese

1.

Roussignoulet qui cantos
Sus la branque paüsat,
Que t'platz et que t'encantos
Aüprès de ta mieytat.
Et you, plé de tristesso
Lou cos tout enclabat,
En quittan ma mestresso
Parti desesperat.

2.

Ero bé pressentibo
Lou dio déü parti!
Lou cos que sem mouribo
De la bédé souffri,
D'une boutz langourouso
Ditz, m'estregnén la maa:
"Bé séri malhurouso
Si'ns calè sépara."

3.

Taü coum la tourtérèlo
En quittan soun pariou,
Moun cos toustém fidèlo
Saünéyo à soun amon.
Oubyet de ma tendresso
Aü noum de l'amistat,
Plagnetz lou qui p'adresso
Soun darrè adichat.

French

1.

Rossignolet qui chantes
Sur la branche posé,
Qui te plais et t'enchantes
Auprès de ta compagne.[1]
Et moi, plein de tristesse,
Le cœur tout endolori,
En quittant ma maîtresse
Je pars désespéré.

2.

Elle avait bien pressenti
Le jour du départ
Le cœur qui me mourait
De la voir souffrir!
D'une voix langoureuse
Elle dit, m'étreignant la main,
"Que je serais malheureuse
S'il fallait nous séparer!"

3.

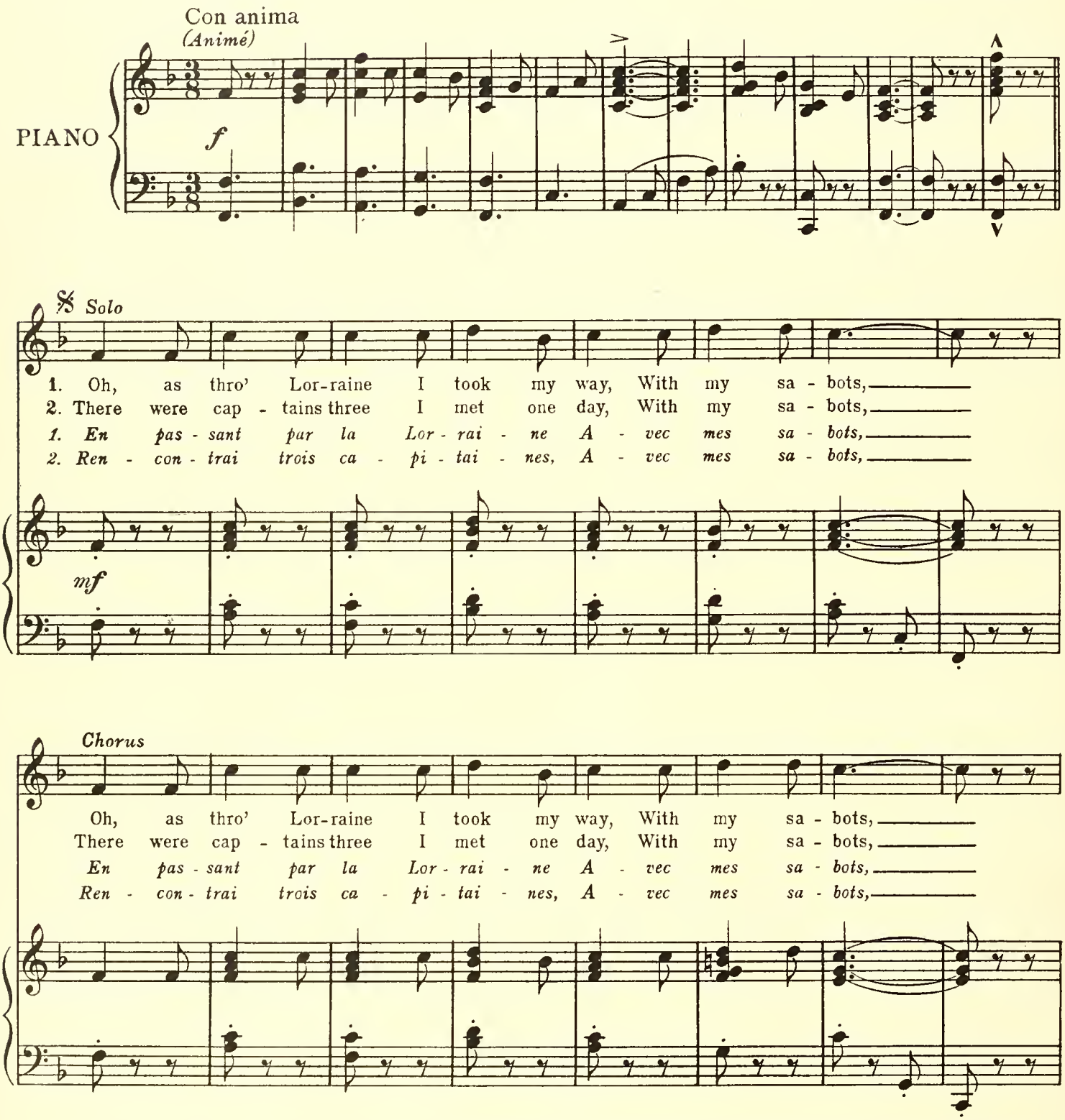
Tout comme la tourterelle
En quittant son ami,
Mon coeur, toujours fidèle,
Songe à son amour.
Objet de ma tendresse,
Au nom de l'amitié,
Plaignez qui vous adresse
Son dernier adieu.

(1) *Ta mieytat:* littéralement "ta moitié."

THE THREE CAPTAINS
(LES TROIS CAPITAINES)
DANCE SONG

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Edited and arranged by
JULIEN TIERSOT



If this song is sung as a solo, or by a chorus without soloist, thereby losing its dialogue character, the last repetition of each verse, following the sign ⊕, is to be omitted, returning to the sign 𝄋.

Dans le cas où la chanson, chantée soit en solo, soit par un choeur sans soliste, perdrait son caractère dialogué, on supprimerait la dernière reprise de chaque couplet, apres le signe ⊕; en reprenant chaque fois de ce signe 𝄋.

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Solo

p

There were cap - tains three I met one day, With my sa - bots, Don -
And that I was ug - ly they did say, With my sa - bots, Don -
Ren - con - trai trois ca - pi - tai - nes A - vec mes sa - bots, Don -
Ils m'ont ap - pel - lé vi - lai - ne A - vec mes sa - bots, Don -

p

f marcato *p*

dai - ne, Oh! Oh! Oh! With my sa - bots.
dai - ne, Oh! Oh! Oh! With my sa - bots.
dai - ne, Oh! Oh! Oh! A - vec mes sa - bots.
dai - ne, Oh! Oh! Oh! A - vec mes sa - bots.

f *p*

Chorus

p *f marcato*

There were cap - tains three I met one day, With my sa-bots, Don-dai - ne, Oh! Oh!
And that I was ug - ly they did say, With my sa-bots, Don-dai - ne, Oh! Oh!
Ren - con-trai trois ca - pi - tai - nes A - vec mes sa-bots, Don-dai - ne, Oh! Oh!
Ils m'ont ap - pel - lé vi - lai - ne A - vec mes sa-bots, Don-dai - ne, Oh! Oh!

f *p* *f*

p All verses except the last

f Last time only

Oh! With my sa - bots.
Oh! *A - vec mes sa - bots.*
Oh! With my sa - bots.
Oh! *A - vec mes sa - bots.*

f

3

And that I was ugly they did say,
With my sabots,
And that I was ugly they did say,
With my sabots.
I am nôt at all uncomely, nay,
With my sabots,
Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
With my sabots.
Repeat last four lines for Chorus

4.

I am not at all uncomely, nay,
With my sabots,
I am not at all uncomely, nay,
With my sabots.
For the king's own son, he loves me, yea,
With my sabots,
Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
With my sabots.
Repeat last four lines for Chorus

5.

For the king's own son, he loves me, yea,
With my sabots,
For the king's own son, he loves me, yea,
With my sabots.
Made a gift to me, his court to pay,
With my sabots,
Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
With my sabots.
Repeat last four lines for Chorus

6.

Made a gift to me, his court to pay,
With my sabots,
Made a gift to me, his court to pay,
With my sabots.
'Twas of marjoram a fair bouquet,
With my sabots,
Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
With my sabots.
Repeat last four lines for Chorus

7.

'Twas of marjoram a fair bouquet,
With my sabots,
'Twas of marjoram a fair bouquet,
With my sabots.
Should it flow'r, as queen a realm I'll sway,
With my sabots,
Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
With my sabots.
Repeat last four lines for Chorus

8.

Should it flow'r, as queen a realm I'll sway,
With my sabots,
Should it flow'r, as queen a realm I'll sway,
With my sabots.
Should it die my hopes are gone for aye,
With my sabots,
Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
With my sabots.
Repeat last four lines for Chorus

3.

Ils m'ont appelé vilaine,
Avec mes sabots,
Ils m'ont appelé vilaine,
Avec mes sabots.
Je ne suis pas si vilaine
Avec mes sabots,
Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
Avec mes sabots.
Choeur. Je ne suis pas, etc.

4.

Je ne suis pas si vilaine
Avec mes sabots,
Je ne suis pas si vilaine
Avec mes sabots.
Puisque le fils du roi m'aime,
Avec mes sabots,
Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
Avec mes sabots.
Choeur. Puisque le fils, etc.

5.

Puisque le fils du roi m'aime,
Avec mes sabots,
Puisque le fils du roi m'aime,
Avec mes sabots,
Il m'a donné pour étrenne
Avec mes sabots,
Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
Avec mes sabots.
Choeur. Il m'a donné, etc.

6.

Il m'a donné pour étrenne,
Avec mes sabots,
Il m'a donné pour étrenne,
Avec mes sabots,
Un bouquet de marjolaine
Avec mes sabots,
Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
Avec mes sabots.
Choeur. Un bouquet, etc.

7.

Un bouquet de marjolaine,
Avec mes sabots,
Un bouquet de marjolaine,
Avec mes sabots.
S'il fleurit, je serai reine,
Avec mes sabots,
Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
Avec mes sabots.
Choeur. S'il fleurit, etc.

8.

S'il fleurit, je serai reine
Avec mes sabots,
S'il fleurit, je serai reine
Avec mes sabots.
S'il y meurt, je perds ma peine
Avec mes sabots,
Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
Avec mes sabots.
Choeur. S'il y meurt, etc.

THE PARABLE OF THE SINFUL RICH MAN
(LA PARABOLE DU MAUVAIS RICHE)

English version by Frederick H. Martens

Edited and arranged by
JULIEN TIERSOT

Not too slow, but grave and sustained
(Pas trop lent, mais grave et soutenu)

PIANO

mf

mf

Clad in rags the Sa - viour wan - ders: "Char - i - ty of you I pray!"
Jé - sus-Christ s'ha - bil - le en pau - vre: "Fai - tes - moi la cha - ri - té."

mf

Clad in rags the Sa - viour wan ders: "Char - i - ty of you I pray!
Jé - sus-Christ s'ha - bil - le en pau - vre: "Fai - tes - moi la cha - ri - té.

But the crumbs swept from your ta - ble, They my hun-ger would al - lay."
Les mi - el - tes de la ta - ble Je fe - rai bien mon di - ner."

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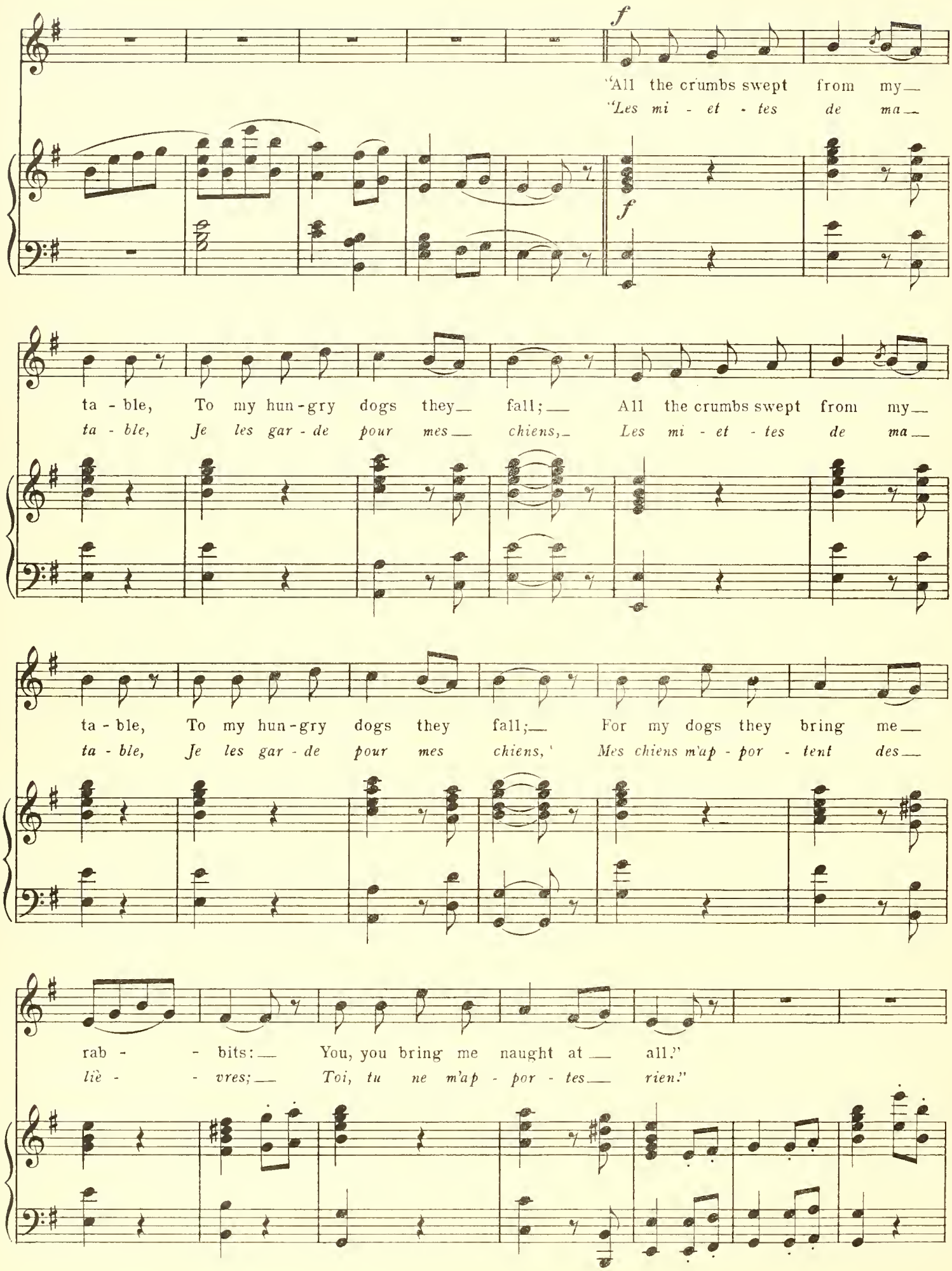
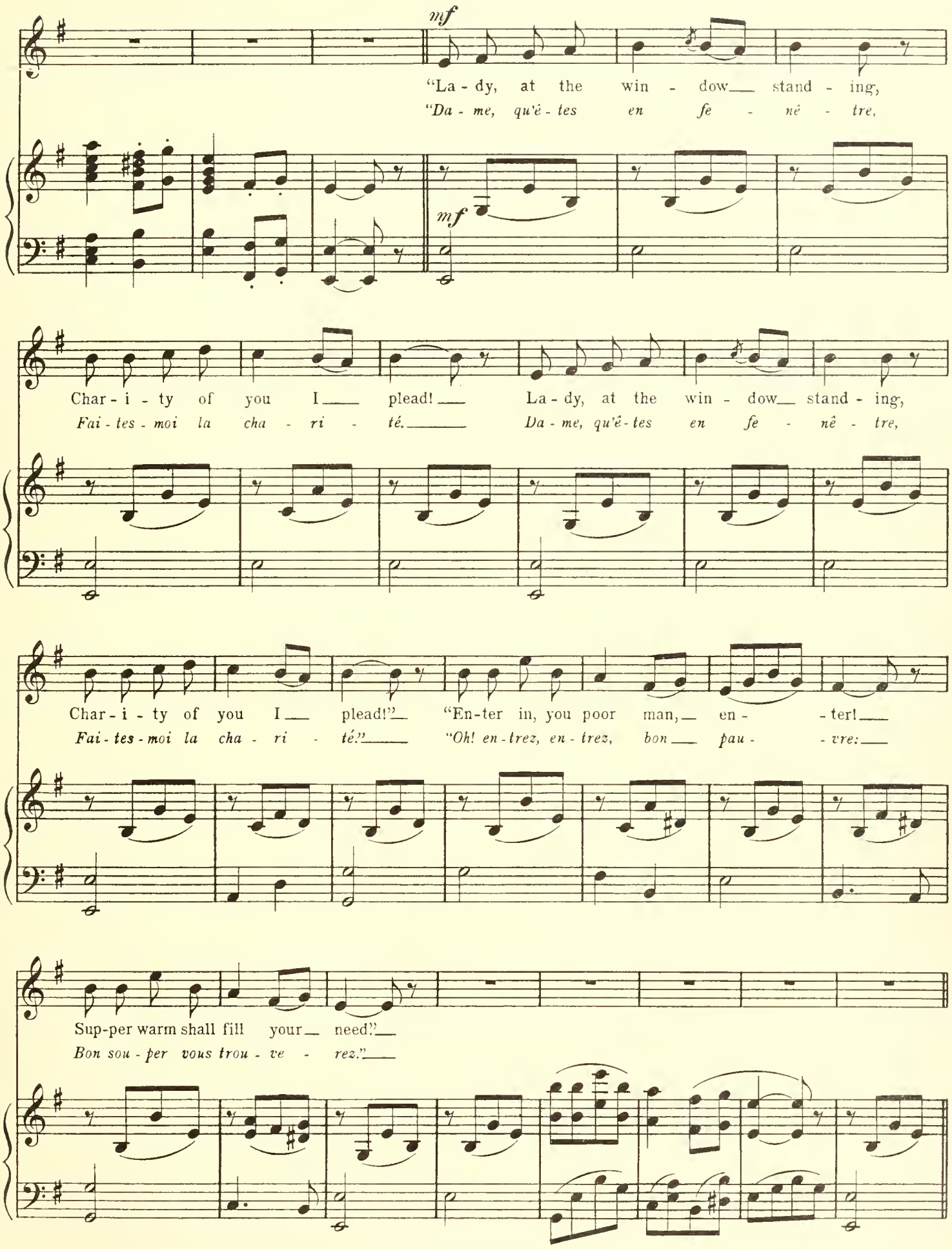
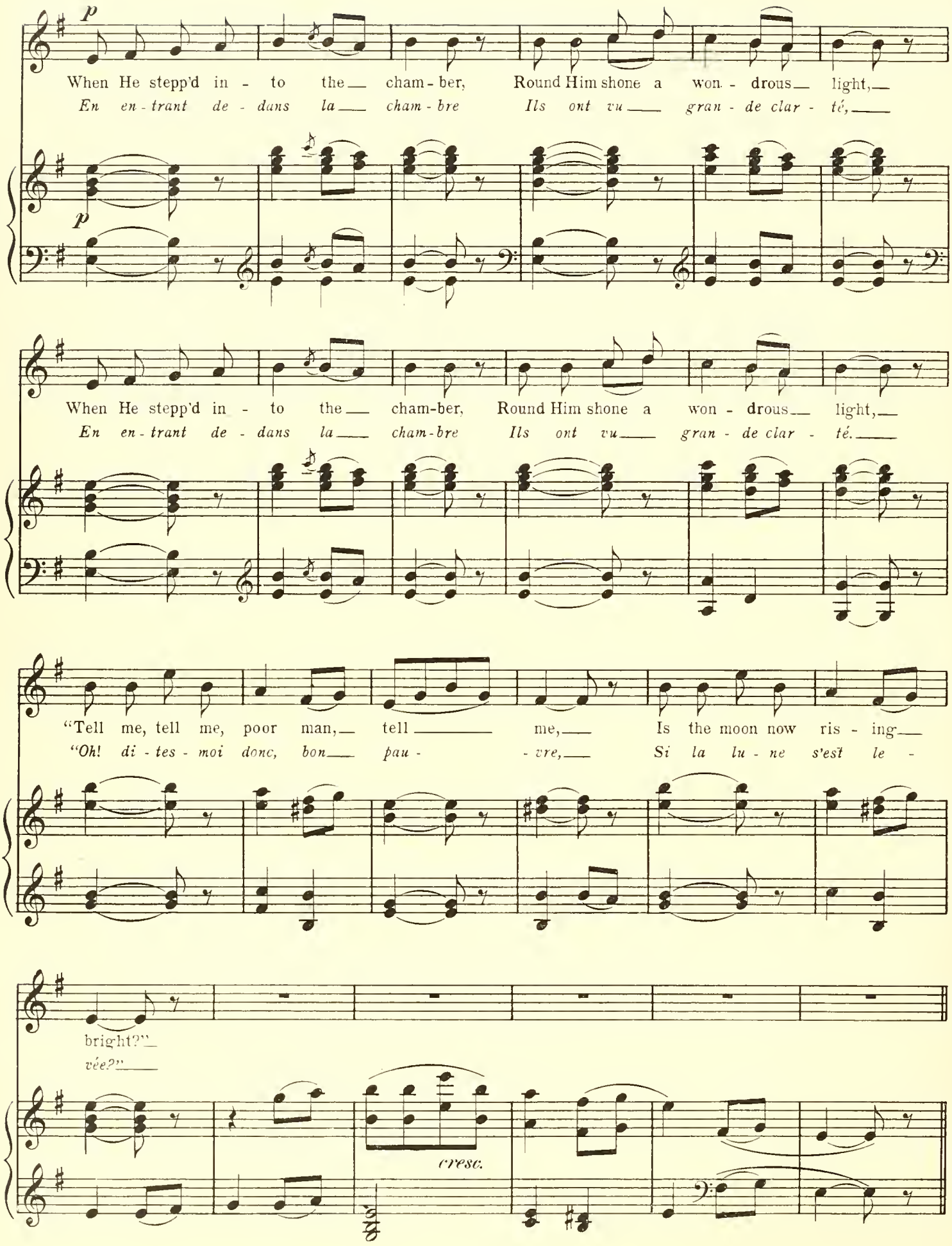

f
"All the crumbs swept from my
"Les mi - et - tes de ma
f
ta - ble, To my hun - gry dogs they fall; All the crumbs swept from my
ta - ble, Je les gar - de pour mes chiens, Les mi - et - tes de ma
ta - ble, To my hun - gry dogs they fall; For my dogs they bring me
ta - ble, Je les gar - de pour mes chiens, Mes chiens m'ap - por - tent des
rab - - bits: You, you bring me naught at all."
liè - - vres; Toi, tu ne m'ap - por - tes rien."


mf
"La - dy, at the win - dow stand - ing,
"Da - me, qu'ê - tes en fe - nê - tre,
mf
Char - i - ty of you I plead! La - dy, at the win - dow stand - ing,
Fai - tes - moi la cha - ri - té. Da - me, qu'ê - tes en fe - nê - tre,
Char - i - ty of you I plead!" "En - ter in, you poor man, en - - ter!
Fai - tes - moi la cha - ri - té." "Oh! en - trez, en - trez, bon pau - - vre:
Sup - per warm shall fill your need!"
Bon sou - per vous trou - ve - rez."


p
When He stepp'd in - to the cham - ber, Round Him shone a won - drous light,
En en - trant de - dans la cham - bre Ils ont vu gran - de clar - té,
p
When He stepp'd in - to the cham-ber, Round Him shone a won - drous light,
En en - trant de - dans la cham - bre Ils ont vu gran - de clar - té.
"Tell me, tell me, poor man, tell me, Is the moon now ris - ing
"Oh! di - tes - moi donc, bon pau - - vre, Si la lu - ne s'est le -
bright?"
vée?"
cresc.

mf

"Nay, 'tis not the moon has ris - en, 'Tis your char - i - ty in - stead,

"Non, non, ce n'est pas la lu - ne, C'est vos bon - nes cha - ri - tés,

mf

Nay, 'tis not the moon has ris - en, 'Tis your char - i - ty in - stead;

Non, non, ce n'est pas la lu - ne, C'est vos bon - nes cha - ri - tés;

'Tis your deeds of kind - ness la - - - dy, That their glow a - bout you

C'est vos oeu - vres, chè - re da - - - me, Qui par - tout sont é - pan -

shed."

chées."

"Tell me, pray, you poor man, tell me, Are you Je - sus in dis - guise?

"Oh! di - tes - moi donc, bon pau - vre, Vous me sem - blez Jé - sus - Christ!

Tell me, pray, you poor man, tell me, Are you Je - sus in dis - guise?"

Oh! di - tes - moi donc, bon pau - vre, Vous me sem - blez Jé - sus - Christ!"

"Nev - er fear, my gen - tle la - - dy, King am I a - bove the

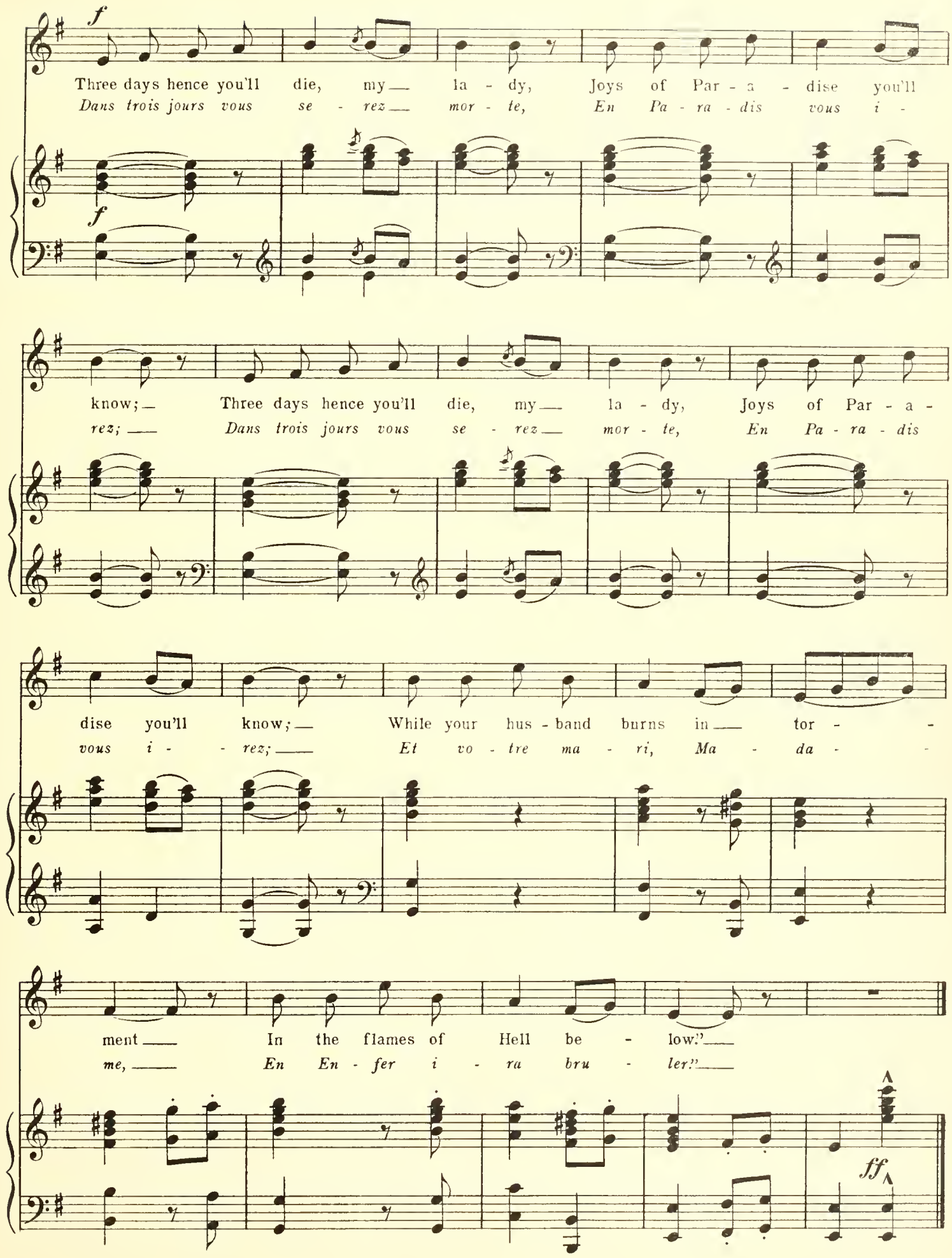
"N'a - yez crain - te, bon - ne da - - me, Je suis Roi du Pa - ra -

cresc.

skies.

dis.

f


f
Three days hence you'll die, my la - dy, Joys of Par - a - dise you'll
Dans trois jours vous se - rez mor - te, En Pa - ra - dis vous i -
f
know; Three days hence you'll die, my la - dy, Joys of Par - a -
rez; Dans trois jours vous se - rez mor - te, En Pa - ra - dis
dise you'll know; While your hus - band burns in tor - -
vous i - - rez; Et vo - tre ma - ri, Ma - da - -
ment In the flames of Hell be - low."
me, En En - fer i - ra bru - ler."
ff

MUST I GO
(MUSS I DENN)
(Germany)

Translated by H.F.B.

Swabian Folksong (1825)
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderately

VOICE

PIANO

p — *più p*

1. Must I go, must I go from my dear vil-lage home, dear vil-lage home, While thou
When I come, when I come back to thee, sweet-heart, thee, sweet-heart, Ne'er—

1. *Muss i denn, muss i denn, Zum— Städ-te-le 'naus, Städ-te-le-'naus, und—*
Wenn i komm', wenn i komm', wenn i wie-drum komm', wie-drum komm', kehr' i

cresc.

stay-est here, my love?
from thy side I'll rove.

Tho' a-far I wan-der, wan-der free, All my heart, my joy is with

du, mein Schatz, bleibst hier.
ein, mein Schatz, bei dir.

Kann i gleich nit all-weil bei dir sein, han i doch mein Freud' an—

cresc.

mp — *dim.* — *p*

thee, When I come when I come, back to thee, sweet-heart, thee, sweet-heart, Ne'er from thy side I'll rove.
dir. Wenn i komm', wenn i komm', wenn i wie-drum komm', wie-drum komm', kehr' i ein, mein Schatz, bei dir.

mp — *dim.* — *p*

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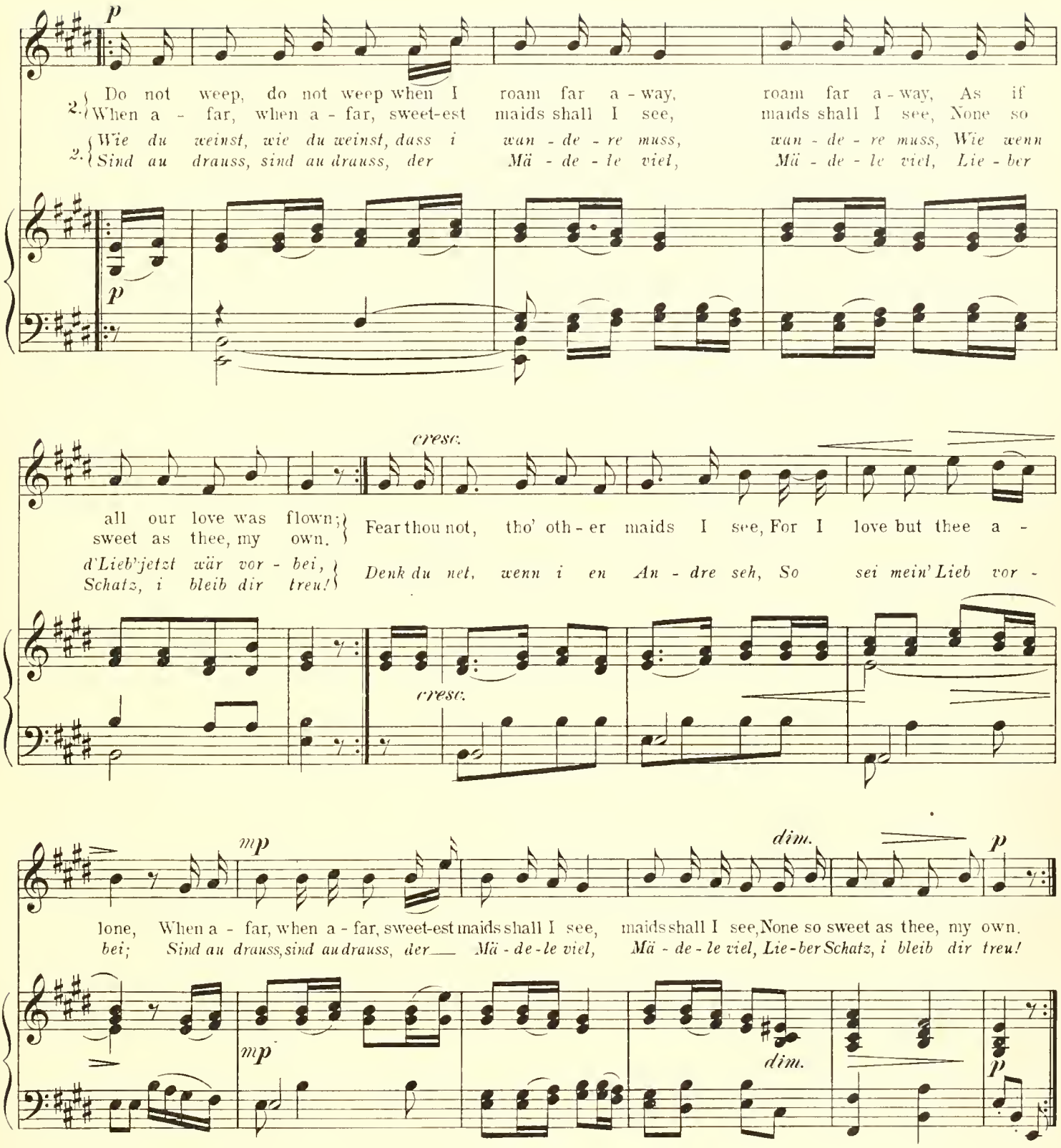


3.

In a year, when the vintage is o'er,
I'll return again to thee;
And if then, thy love still am I,
Then shall our wedding be.
In a year my service will be done,
And our fond hearts shall be one,
And if then, thy love still am I,
Then shall our wedding be.

3.

Ueber's Jahr, wenn me Träubele schneid't,
Stell' i hier mi wiedrum ein;
Bin i dann, dein Schätzele noch,
So soll die Hochzeit sein.
Ueber's Jahr, da ist mein Zeit vorbei,
Da gehör, i mein und dein;
Bin i dann, dein Schätzele noch,
So soll die Hochzeit sein.

MY HEART AND THY HEART

(DEIN HERZ UND MEIN HERZ)

A ROUND

Swabian Folksong

Not too fast

VOICE

PIANO

1. My heart and thy heart Can - not dis - sev - er,
2. No lock-smith in the world Can make an - oth - er,
1. Dein Herz und mein Herz sind z'am - ma - schloss - a,
2. Ka Schlos - ser in d'r Welt kan a neu - e mach - a,

p

rit. *accel.* Allegro *fz*

The key that lock'd them Is lost for ev - er Tra la la la la la la la la la
So leave we our two hearts Fast lock'd to - geth - er Tra la la la la la la la la la
d'Schlüs-sel, da uff - thut ischt ab - ge - bro - cha. Tra la la la la la la la la la
ma mues d'zwo Herz - le bei'- nan - der la - ssa. Tra la la la la la la la la la

rit. *colla parte*

fz *f* *molto rit.* *pp* *a piacere*

la la la la la la la la la The key that lock'd them Is lost for ev - er.
la la la la la la la la la So leave we our two hearts Fast lock'd to - geth - er.
la la la la la la la la la d'Schlüs-sel, da uff - thut ischt ab - ge - bro - cha!
la la la la la la la la la ma mues d'zwo Herz - le bei'- nan - der la - ssa

colla parte *pp* *colla parte*

THE LANTHORN
(DIE LATERN)

(Cumberland dialect)

Swabian Folksong
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

In slow waltz tempo

VOICE

PIANO

scherzando

mf con grazia

poco sosten.

p

pp

(He) 1. "Guid_
(Er) 1. Gu-ten

mwor-nin', bon-ny Lee-zie, willt' len' me thy_ leet? The_ muin is na_
*Mor-gen, lie-bes Lie-serl, ach, leih' mir die La-tern; es_ ischt ja so_*

pp *mysteriously* *(heimlich)*

glint-in', an' murk is_ the neet. I mun thro' the_ lon-nin a-
*fin-ster und scheint nit_ a Stern. Es ischt ja_ so_ fin-ster und_*

ppp

fore it_ be_ day,_ Sae_ len' me thy_ lan-thorn, sweet Lee-zie, I_ pray."
scheint nit der_ Mond;_ i_ bitt' di gar_ schön, lie-bes Lie-serl, hör' an!

espress.

p

(She) 2. "Sud I do what you
(Sie) 2. I darf dir's nit

mf con grazia *poco sostenuto* *pp*

ax me, mey mud - der wad fratch; She'll hear if yen clut - ters or
lei - he, mei Mut - ter ischt bös, sie thut bald nach-schlei-che, wenn sie

pp

tirls at the latch; Mey mud - der wad cheyde me, as oft she has
hört a Ge - tös! Ja, Mut - terl wird schel - te, i hor's scho vo

ppp

done, Wi', 'Deuce tek the hiz - zy, thy lan - thorn is gone!'"
fern, wird hei - sse: Du Schnap-perl, wo hascht dei La - tern?

espress.

p

(He) 3. "Tis_ nob - bet a__
(Er) 3. *Darfst d'rum nit so__*

mf con grazia *poco sostenuto* *pp*

lan-thorn, for aw tou may prate, An'_ sin' tou's sae_ pride - fu', na
stolz sein mit dei - ner La - tern, un-ser's Nach - bar's sei_ Ka - therl, die

pp

lan - ger I'll wait; For Ag - gy_ she'll len' me her_ awn wi'_ guid
*leiht mir sie gern. Wenn s'glei a__ bissl z'rris - se isch, ischt doch noch wol_*

ppp

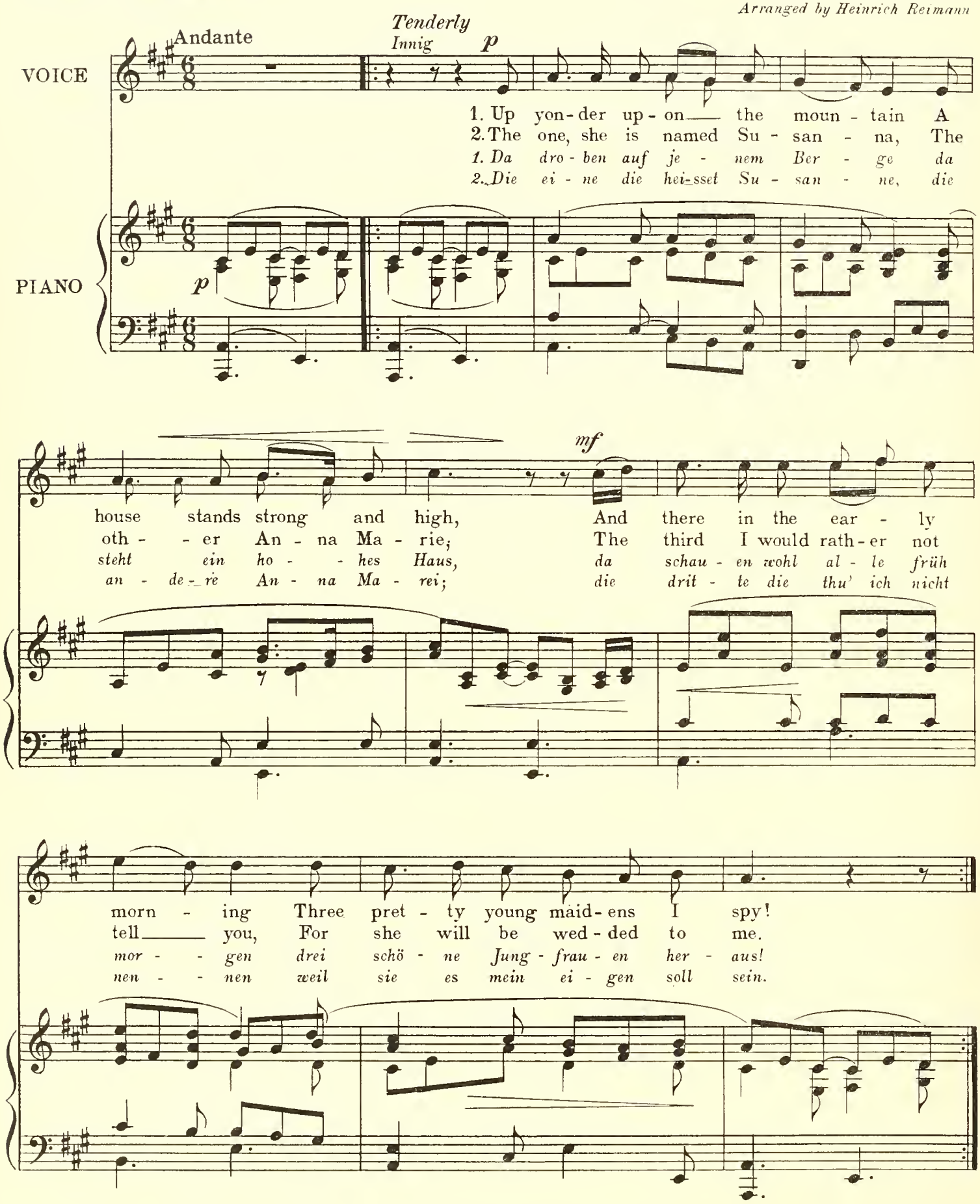
will,__ An'_ tho' I sud_ brek it, she'll len' it__ me_ still."
gut,__ und_ wenn a der__ Wind weht, halt' i vor mei - nen_ Hut!

espress.

THE MILL WHEEL
(DAS MÜHLRAD)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

German Folksong (1780)
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann



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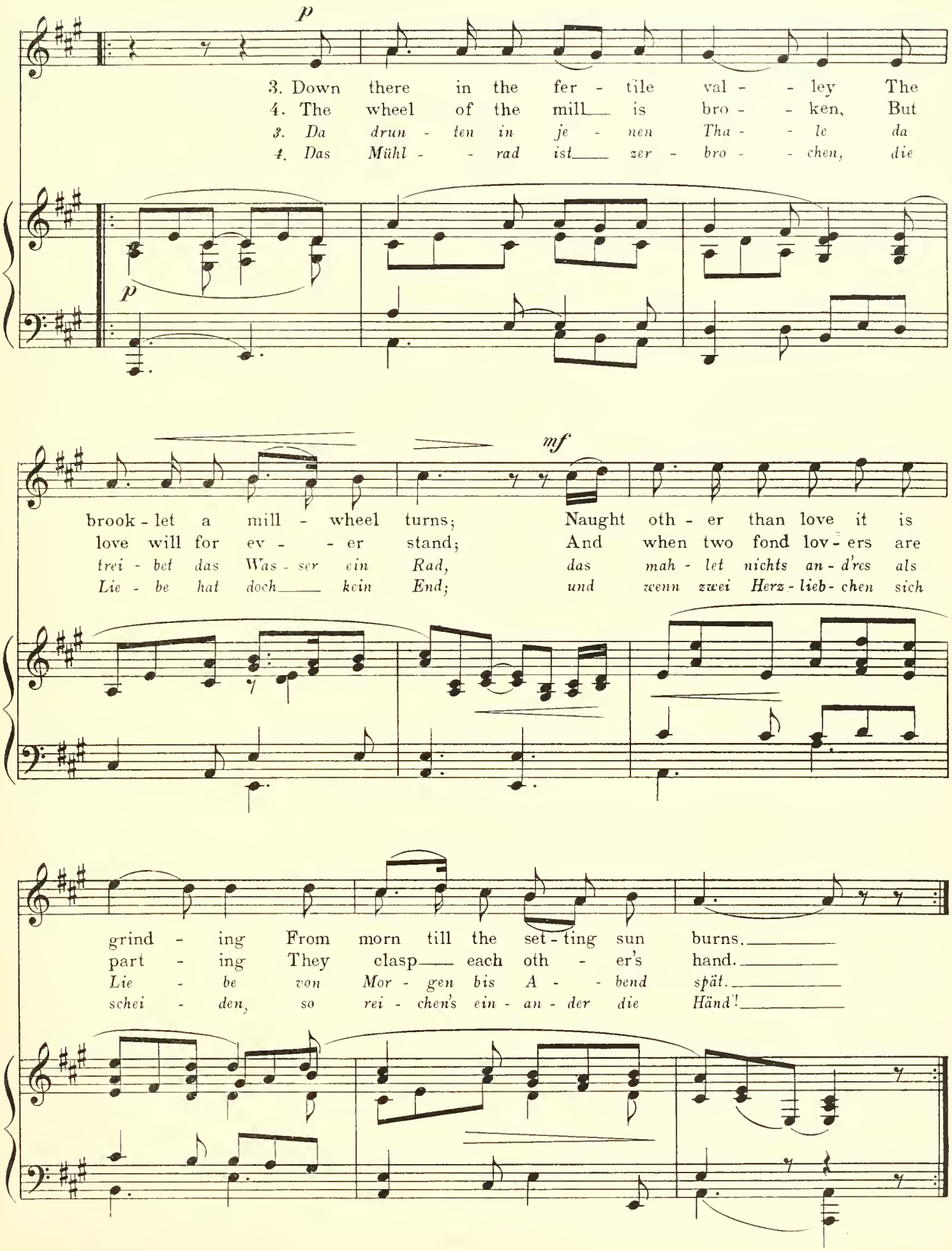
p
3. Down there in the fer - tile val - - ley The
4. The wheel of the mill is bro - - ken, But
3. Da drun - ten in je - nen Tha - - le da
4. Das Mühl - - rad ist zer - bro - - chen, die
p
mf
brook - let a mill - wheel turns; Naught oth - er than love it is
love will for ev - - er stand; And when two fond lov - ers are
trei - bet das Was - ser ein Rad, das mah - let nichts an - d'res als
Lie - be hat doch kein End; und wenn zwei Herz - lieb - chen sich
grind - ing From morn till the set - ting sun burns.
part - ing They clasp each oth - er's hand.
Lie - be von Mor - gen bis A - - bend spät.
schei - den, so rei - chen's ein - an - der die Händ'!

THE SANDMAN
(SANDMÄNNCHEN)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

German folksong from the Lower Rhine

Misterioso

VOICE

PIANO

pp

1. The flow - - ers all are sleep - ing Be - neath the moon - light pale; Each lit - tle head is nod - - ding Up - on its stem so frail:
2. The birds that sang so sweet - ly To greet the sun - shine bright In nests are tuck'd up neat - ly To sleep till morn - ing light.
3. Now at the win - dow lat - - tice The Sand - man shows his head To look for lit - tle chil - dren Who have not gone to bed.

1. Die Blü - me - lein, sie schla - fen Schon längst in Mon - den - schein, Sie ni - cken mit den Kö - pfen Auf ih - ren Sten - ge - lein.
2. Die Vö - ge - lein, die san - gen So süss im Son - nen - schein, Sie sind zur Ruh' ge - gan - gen In ih - re Nest - chen klein;
3. Sand - männ - chen kommt ge - schli - chen Und guckt durch's Fen - ster - lein, Ob ir - gend noch ein Lieb - chen Nicht mag zu Bet - te sein:

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mf *p*

The ev - er rus - tling bran - ches seem To
The cot - tage in the gar - den here Is
And if he takes them by sur - prise With
Es rüt - telt sich der Blü - then - baum, Er
Das Heim - chen in dem Äh - ren - grund, Es
Und wo er nur ein Kind - chen fand, Streut'

mf *p*

pp

whis - per in a dream: Sleep thou,
still a - wake, I fear: Sleep thou,
sand he fills their eyes. Sleep thou:
säu - selt wie im Traum: Schla - fe,
thut al - lein sich kund: Schla - fe,
er in's Aug' ihm Sand: Schla - fe,

pp

sleep thou, O dar - ling child of mine!
sleep thou, O dar - ling child of mine!
sleep thou, O dar - ling child of mine!
schla - fe, schlaf' du, mein Kin - de - lein!
schla - fe, schlaf' du, mein Kin - de - lein!
schla - fe, schlaf' du, mein Kin - de - lein!

THE MUSICIAN
(O MOISIKOS)

Attributed to ATHANASIOS CHRISTOPULOS (born 1770)

Translated by H. F. B.

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

(Greece)

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. What a stu - pid fel - low thou, Leave thy sing - ing, hear me now. Wa - ter is to thee so dear, To a frog thoulit turn, I fear. But a good - ly draught of wine Drain I from a gob-let fine, Ly - ing where cool shad - ows are, Gay I sing Tra - la - la - la.

1. 'E - su phi - le mou - si - ké! Pho - na - kla mou Ba - dra - ké! Ne - ro pi - non - tas glu - ka Ke - lai - deis to mpa - ka - ka. K'e - go pi - non - tas kra - si me ten kou - pa té chru - se, mes' s'ta den - dra t'an - de - rá Tra - gou - dõ to ta - ra - ra.

cresc. *f* *p* *mf*

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mf

2. Come then, com - rade, drink with me, Life is short, sweet let it

2. El 'as pi - nou - me ma - zu. 'O ka - de - nas o - so

mf

cresc. *f*

be. Let the dull world go its way, Wine's the mis - tress we o -

zē, Kai ton kos - mo ton ka - lo As ge - loū - me san trel -

cresc. *f*

p *mf*

bey. Fools strive vain - ly till they die, "This is bad that good," they cry. Ours is

ló. Tu - pklais na - choun ta pol - la Kai me - ga - la tou ka - la Kai ta

p *mf*

f

wis - dom bet - ter far, Drink and sing Tra - la - la - la.

ple - o dau - ma - sta, Eis to piei mas om - pros - ta.

f

SEE, LOVE, ABOVE THE STARS
(CSILLAG ELÉG RAGYOG)

Translated by H. E. Krehbiel

Hungarian Folksong

Arranged by Heinrich Reimann (after Brahms)

Fast (♩= 132)

VOICE

PIANO

ff *p* *ffz* *f* *p*

See, love, a - bove the stars are bright - ly shin - ing,
Csil - lag e - lég ra - gyog az é - gen, ró - zsám

mf poco sostenuto

And I for thee a - lone am pin - ing, Far from thy
Le - gel - tet künn a ré - ten nyá - ját Be - hajt - ja -

p a tempo

home thou'rt roam - ing— Ha - sten, ro - ver, Come to meet thy
az a kol - ba, ma - ga el - jön Hoz - zám a fo -

p

sostenuto *fast*

lov - er! Ha - sten, ro - - ver, Come meet thy lov - er!
nó - ba ma - ga el - - jön hoz - zám a fo - nó - ba.

sostenuto

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still faster
f *(noch etwas schneller)*

Cheeks red as ro - - ses, Where love re - pos - - - es, How my heart is beat - ing

Csi - - cse - ri bor - - só nyuk - - szik az or - - - só, Do - bog szi - ve tá - ja

poco sostenuto *p a tempo*

At thought of meet - ing! Eyes bright - ly shin - ing

mert a ba - bá - ja Szep - sze - me, csil - log,

colla parte

mf

Hap - pi - ness en - shrin- - ing: Ha - sten, ro - ver,
sze - rel - me - sen vil - - log Mert ro - zsá - ja

p

stringendo *f*

Come to meet thy lov - er! Ha - sten, ro - ver,
el - jön a fo - nó - ba, Mert ro - - zsá - ga

f

sostenuto *a tempo*

Come meet thy lov - - er!
el - jön a fo - nó - ba.

fz molto sostenuto *a tempo* *ffz* *ffz*

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air: "The Groves of Blarney"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Andante con espress.

PIANO

p

mp

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To

mp

bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com - -
pine on the stem; Since the love - ly are

dim.

pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; No
sleep - ing, Go, sleep thou with them. Thus

dim.

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cresc. e rit.

flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - - bud is
kind - - ly I'll scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the

cresc. e rit.

a tempo

nigh To re - flect back her blush - es, Or
bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie

a tempo

rit.

give sigh for sigh.
scent - - less and dead.

delicato

mp *a tempo*

rit.

3. So soon may I fol - low When friend - - ships de -

mf

con Pedale

cay; And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The

gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie

rit. a poco

with - er'd, And fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in -

rit. a poco

dim. e rit.

hab - it This bleak world a - lone?

dim. e rit.

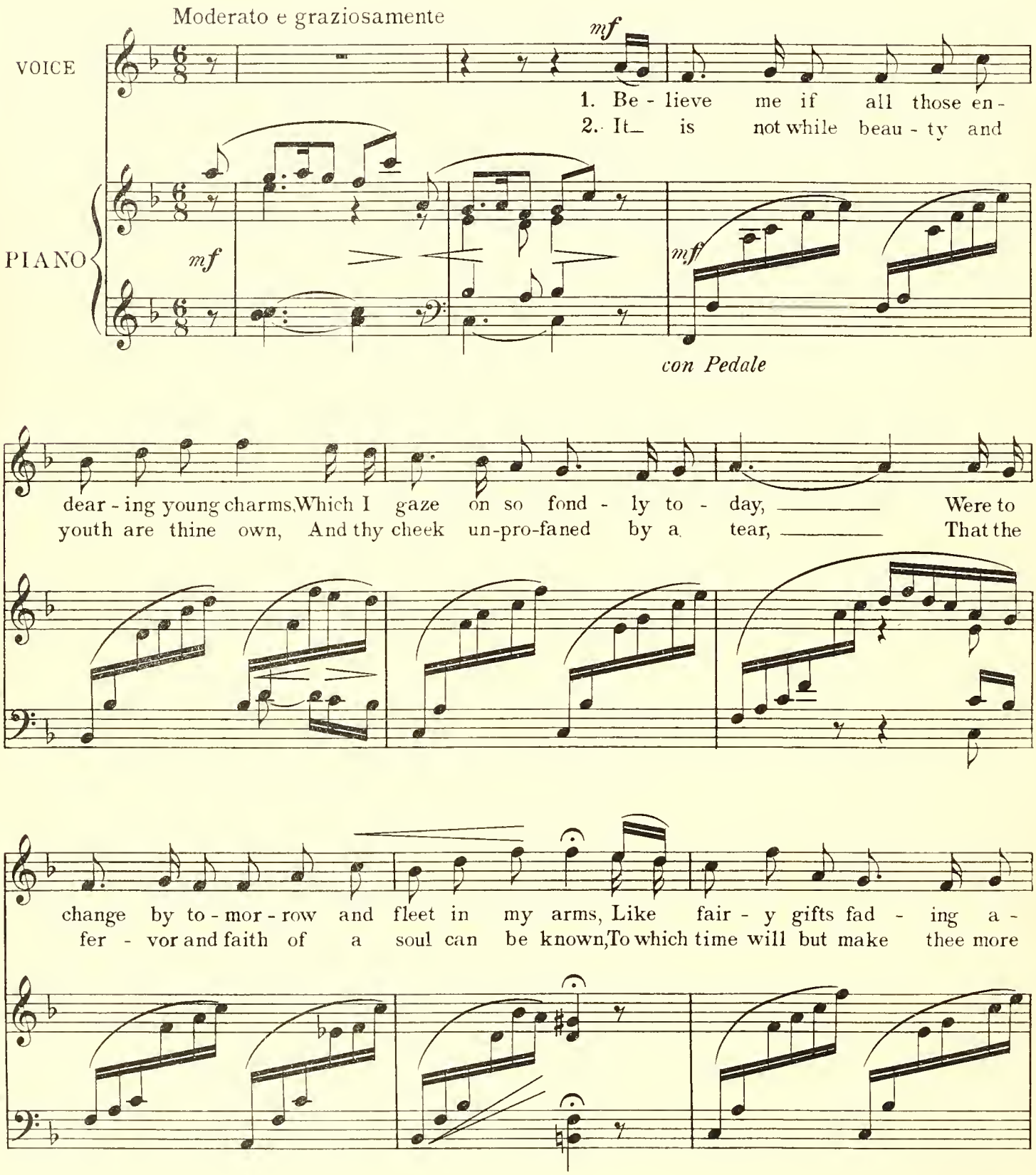
p

Ped.

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "My lodging, it is on the cold ground"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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way, Thou wouldst still be a-dored as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy
dear! Oh! the heart that has tru-ly loved nev-er for-gets, But as

love-li-ness fade as it will; And a-round the dear ru-in each
tru-ly loves on to the close; As the sun-flow-er turns on her

wish of my heart Would en-twine it-self ver-dant-ly still.
god when he sets, The same look that she turn'd (gave) when he rose.

L.H.

LA ROMANELLA

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Neapolitan Folksong
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Andante cantabile (♩ = 108)

mf espressivo

VOICE

1. Woe to you, trai - tor! Me you a -
2. As you've be - wray'd me, As you've be -
1. Aje tra - det - to - re! Tu m'aje las -
2. Lu tra - de - mien - to che mò mme

PIANO

mf *ben tenuto*

ban - don! Scorn for an - oth - er, one loves you
tray'd me, Ere pass the day___ she'll dupe you in
sa - ta, è m'aje scag - na - ta ppe chel - la
fa - je, non pas - sa cra - je, te lo fa -

p

well! With me com - pare her, May - hap___ she's___
turn! Tears my eyes burn - ing, An - guish and___
la! Gnor - si, che chel - la de___ mme_e chiu___
ra! E ches - te la - gre - me che___ mò___ m'an -

p

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rit.

fair - er; Wheth - er more faith - ful? Ah, time will
yearn - ing, In doub - le meas - ure You'll pay a -
bel - la, Ma ppe fe - de - le po se ve -
no - za - no, pur - zi co au - su - ra, aje da scon -

colla parte

a tempo

p

tell! With me com - pare her, May - hap she's fair - er, Wheth - er more
gain! Tears my eyes burn - ing, An - guish and yearn - ing, In doub - le
drà! ma ppe fe - de - le po se ve - drà, ma ppe fe -
tà! e ches - te la - gre - me che mò m'an - no - za - no, pur - zi co au -

a tempo

p

faith - ful? Ah, time will tell!
meas - ure You'll pay a - gain!
de - le po se ve - drà?
su - ra, aje da scon - tà!

espress.

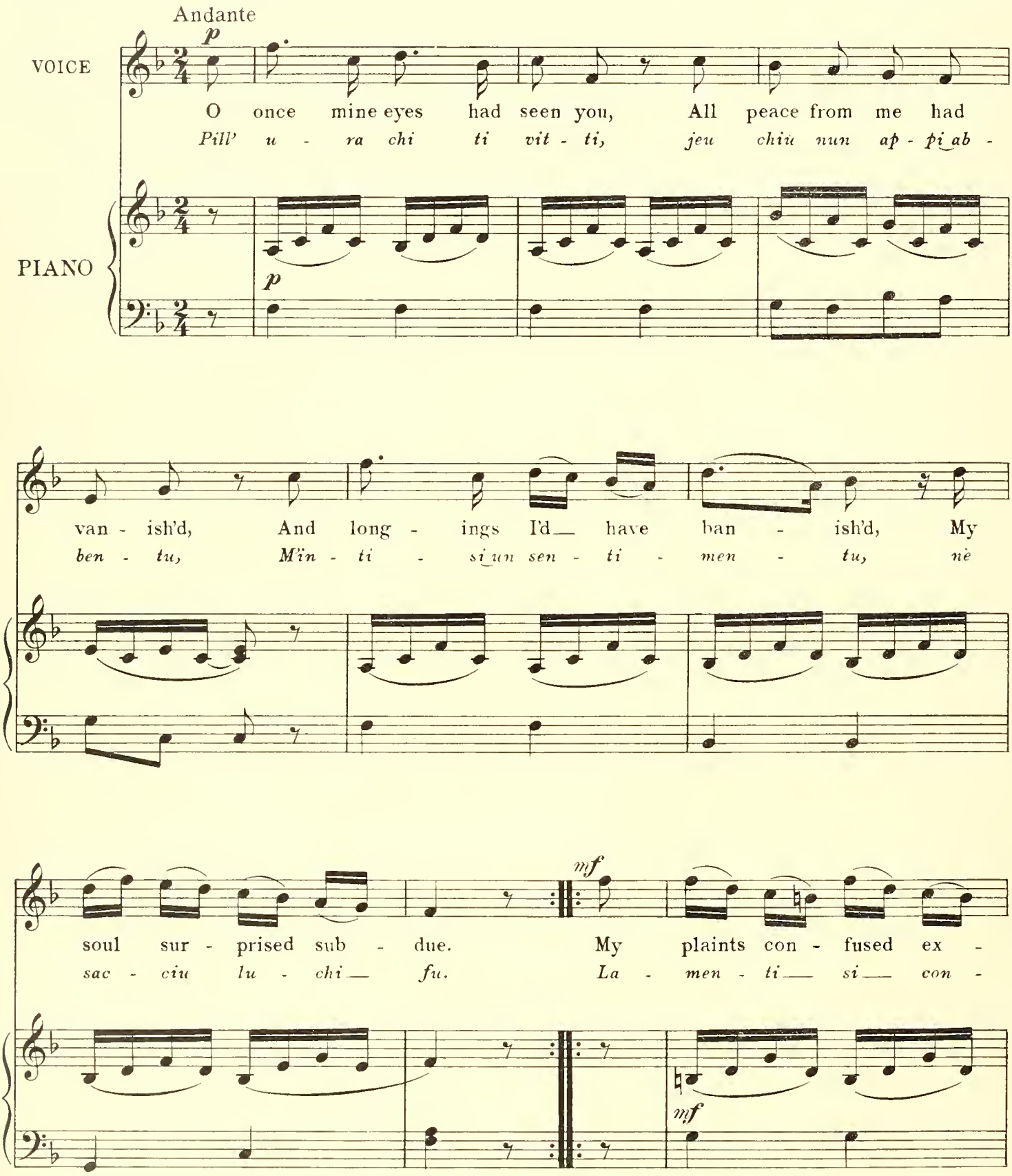
O ONCE MINE EYES HAD SEEN YOU

(PILL' URA CHI TI VITTI)

SICILIANA

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Italian Folksong



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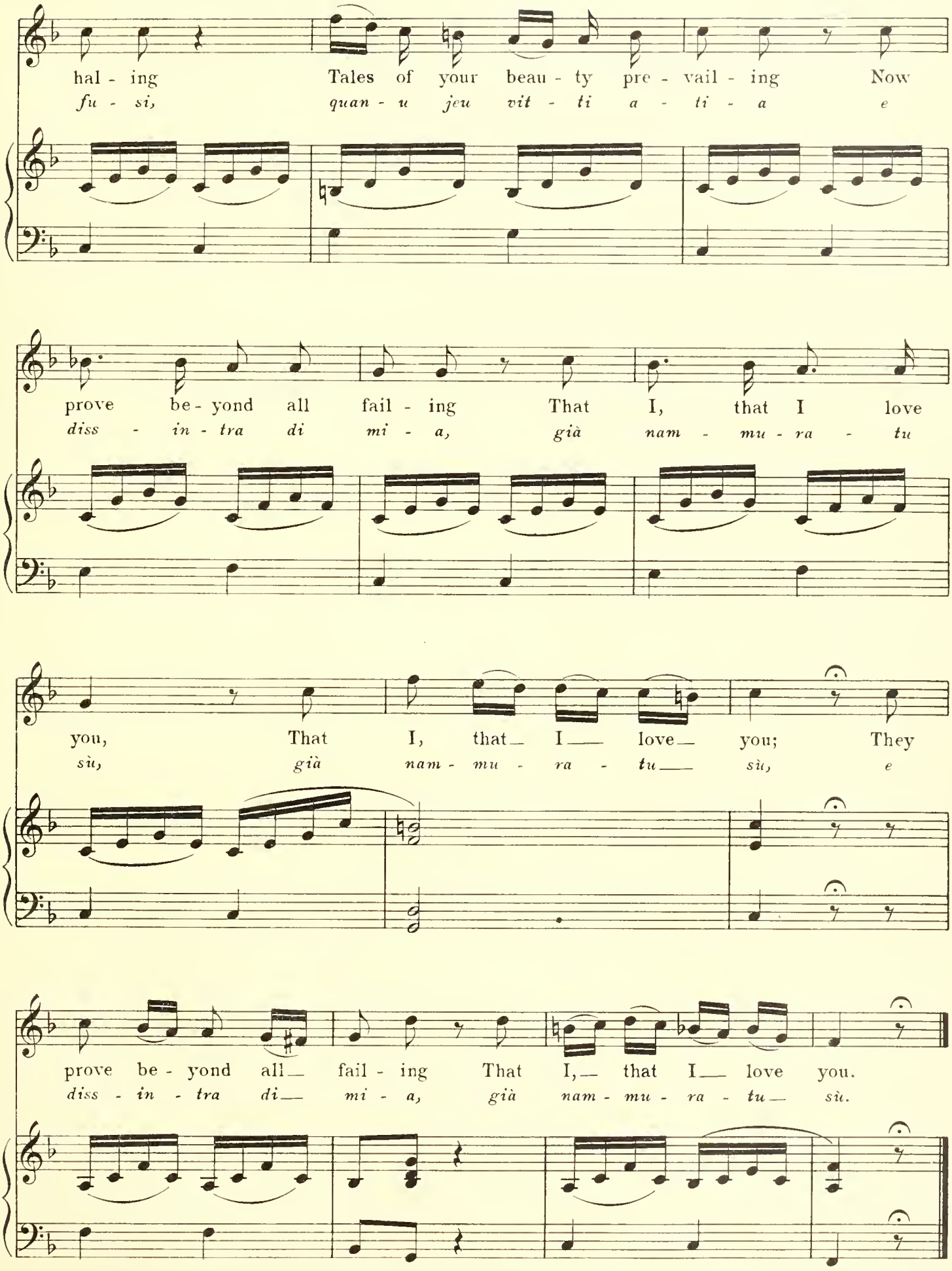

hal - ing Tales of your beau - ty pre - vail - ing Now
fu - si, quan - u jeu vit - ti a - ti - a e
prove be - yond all fail - ing That I, that I love
diss - in - tra di mi - a, già nam - mu - ra - tu
you, That I, that I love you; They
sù, già nam - mu - ra - tu sù, e
prove be - yond all fail - ing That I, that I love you.
diss - in - tra di mi - a, già nam - mu - ra - tu sù.

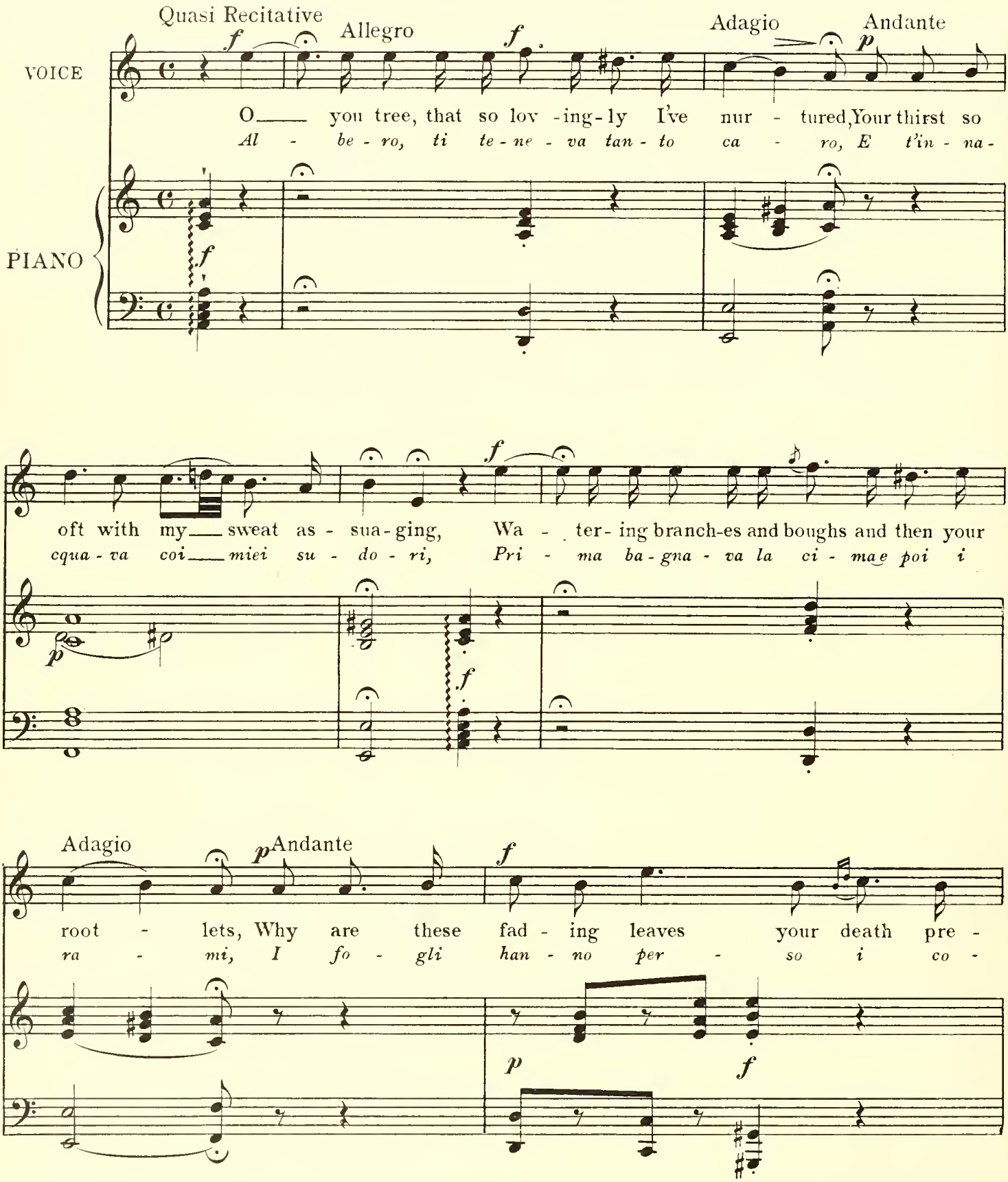
PEASANT'S SONG

(CANZONETTA DI CAMPAGNUOLO)

From the Romagna

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Italian Folksong



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Allegro — Andante

sa - ging? Your lus-cious fruit is bit-ter be-yond all say - ing, And gone the

lo ri, I be - i frut - ti son di - ve - nu - t'a - ma - ri, Ed han - no

sa - vor where - in once I pleas-ured. Come, Death, and wel - come! for thee I'm

per - so i va - ghi sa - po - ri. Vien mor - te pu - re, quan - do ti

pray - ing, Since in my sweet-heart's love I lost all I treas - ured.

pa - re, Men - tre la mi - a bel - la ha can - gia - t'a - mo - re.

SHOULD YOU CHANCE ON LOVE AT PLAY

(SE AMOR MAI DA VU SE VEDE)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens — Venetian Folksong

Allegretto

VOICE — PIANO

p

1. Lit - tle ones, if un - sus - pi - cious, Should you chance on Love at play; To a - void him were ju - di - cious, Do not stop to pet him, pray! Though his mouth be sweet - ly smil - ing, Though he
2. Let me tell you how he caught me, How he crept on me un - heard, How by stealth he sly - ly sought me, As a cat might stalk a bird! To a fair - y - tale I heark - en'd, That Na -

1. Se A - mor mai da vu se ve - de, Ca - ri put - ti, a go - go - lar, Per pie - tà no de - ghe fe - de, No lo stes - si a ca - rez - zar. Sul - la boc - ca el mostra il ri - se, La dol -
2. Sa - ven co - me l'ha fat - to A chiap - par - mi sto bric - con? El s'ha mes - so co - me un gat - to Quac - chio quac - chio in cuf - fo - lon. L'as - pet - ta ch'un di Ni - net - ta Me con -

mf

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beam on you be - guil - ing; Though with mer - ry lips he's
net - ta, here, was tell - ing, Not a care my spir - it

lez - za sul suo vi - so, Ma col ri - der sul - la
tas - se u - na fia - bet - ta, Mi cre - den - do es - ser in

p

laugh - ing, He will stab you with - out mer - cy while he's chaf - fing With his
dark - en'd, On her fair - y - tale a - lone my mind was dwell - ing: From be -

boc - ca El ve piz - zi - ca, ve piz - zi - ca, ve toc - ca E fra
por - to, De co - lu non m'a - vea ac - cor - to, m'a - vea ac - cor - to, E la

mf *p* *mf*

ar - dent kiss - es ply - ing, Like a cloud of ar - rows fly - ing, Till he
hind he seized and bound me, Left me, fet - ter'd where he found me, With the

mez - zo al - le ca - rez - ze, Mil - le dar - di, mil - le frez - ze Quel fur -
vien per la drio vi - a, Chiap - pa, stren - ze e me - na vi - a, Nè val

poco cresc. *p*

2d verse

knows he's trapp'd his prey, Till he knows he's trapp'd his prey!
chains that gird me still, With the chains that gird me still.

baz - zo sa mi - scair, Quel fur - baz - zo sa mi - scair.
pian - to, nè ra - son, Nè val pian - to, nè ra - son.

THE SAVOYARDE
(LA SAVOYARDE)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Piedmont Folksong
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Quasi presto (♩ = 160)

mf

VOICE

1. Tell me, Gian - net - ta do you mean to wed, la - li - ret - ta, Tell me, Gian - net - ta, do you mean to wed?
2. I'll be a 'bac - cy - - ped - dler's hap - py bride, la - li - ret - ta, I'll be a 'bac - cy - - ped - dler's hap - py bride.
3. Flat - ter and coax him, that's the prop - er trick, la - li - ret - ta, Flat - - ter and coax him that's the prop - er trick.

1. As - co Gian - net - ta ti voue - sti lou - gar, la - li - ret - ta, As - - co Gian - net - ta ti voue - sti lou - gar?
2. Jeou voue - liun ho - me qui vende de ta - bac, la - li - ret - ta, Jeou uoue - liun ho - me qui vende de ta - bac.
3. Quand vou ca - lig - noung vous prou - met - toung, proung, la - li - ret - ta, Quand vou ca - lig - noung vous prou - met - toung, proung,

PIANO

p

simile

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f

Yes, dear - est moth - er, be - fore the day be
He'll play the drum, and I'll sing wher - e'er we
Tears and re - proach - es make hus - bands take the
Nen - ni, ma maï - re, mi voue - li ma - ri -
Sin saou lou rou - ze et dou - ge lou - mous -
Et quand vous teg - noung vous dog - nouns dou bas -

f

sped, la - li - ret - ta, Yes, dear - est moth - er, be -
ride, la - li - ret - ta, He'll play the drum, and I'll
stick, la - li - ret - ta, Tears and re - proach - es make
dar, la - li - ret - ta, Nen - ni, ma maï - re, mi
cat, la - li - ret - ta, Sin saou lou rou - ze et
toung, la - li - ret - ta, Et quand vous teg - noung vous

f

Ossia:

1.&2. 3

fore the day be sped!
sing wher - e'er we ride.
hus - bands take the stick!
voue - li ma ri - dar.
dou - ge lou - mous cat.
dog - nouns dou bas toung!

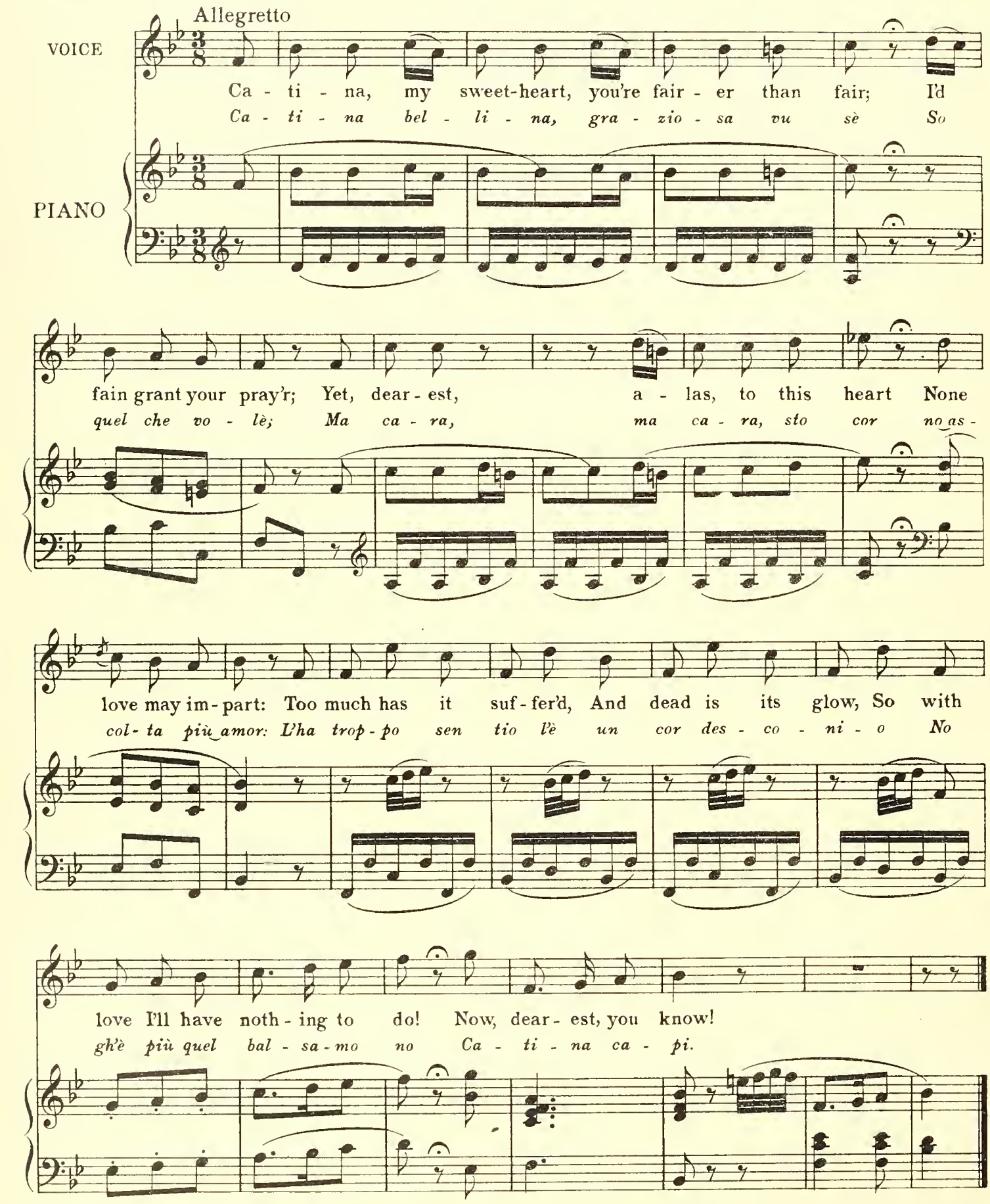
1.&2. 3.

CATINA, MY SWEETHEART

(CATINA BELLINA)

CANZONETTA VENEZIANA

Translated by Frederick H. Martens — Italian Folksong



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WHEREIN HAVE I OFFENDED?

(CHE T'HO FATTO?)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Neapolitan Popular Song
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Allegretto (♩ = 96)

p leggiero

VOICE

1. O dear-est love, now tell me, pray, Where-in have I of-
2. To mus-ic soft of lut-ed strings, Be-neath your win-dow

1. Al-men fan-ciul-la a-scol-ta-mi ma che ti fe-ci
2. A se-ra poi chia-man-do-ti sot-to la fi-nes-

PIANO

p sempre staccato

fend-ed, That you should treat me in a way That all my joy has
plain-ing, My lov-ing heart to you, love, sings When mid-night's hour is

ma-i, che tan-to mi fa pian-ge-re e sos-pi-rar mi
tret-ta il cor più for-te bat-ter-mi per te sen-tia, di-

poco sost.

colla parte

sost. assai

a tempo

end-ed? I love you, ah, my words are true, I'm yours for aye and
wan-ing. Yet vain the song I sing to you, In vain my tears are

fa-i? Ti vo-glia be-ne, cre-di mi e ti vo be-ne as-
let-ta; mi res-tan or le la-gri-me, so-lo il do-lor m'as-

cresc.
colla parte

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rit. *un poco lento*

ev - er! Why, pout - ing, turn from one you knew Could nev - er be un -
flow - ing! There's naught re - mains for me to do, A - las, but die for
sa - i: ma tu non mi vuoi cre - de - re, ma tu mi fai sof -
pet - ta; se più non vuoi tu cre - der - mi, tu mi fa - rai mo -

colla parte

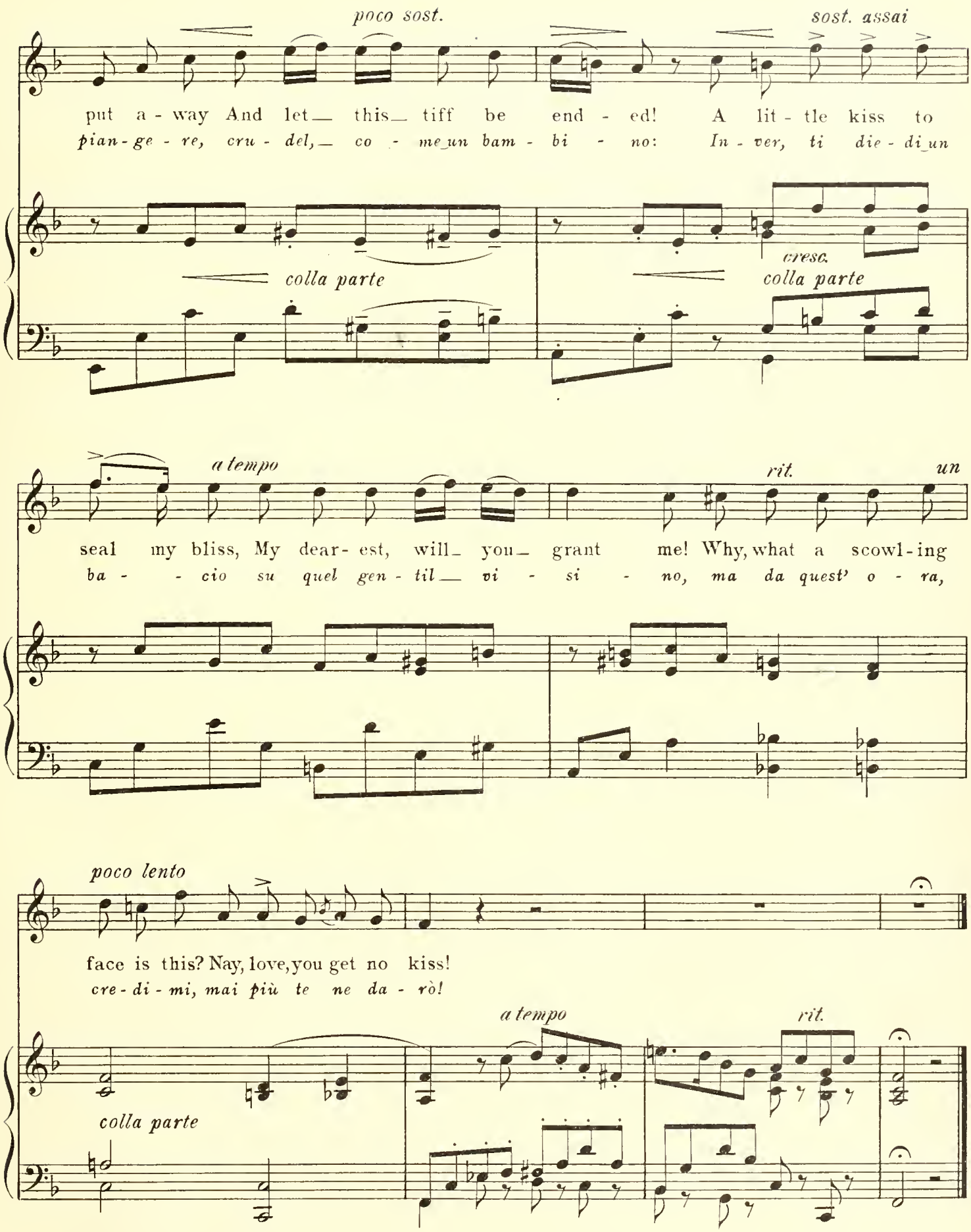
a tempo *p leggiero*

true?
you.
frir.
rir.

3. Come, dear-est love, and
3. Mo che t'ho fat - to,

a tempo *rit.* *p*

tell me, pray, Where - in have I of - fend - ed? All base sus - pi - cion
dim - me - lo? non ve - di a te vi - ci - no, tu mi fa - res - ti


poco sost.
sost. assai
put a - way And let this tiff be end - ed! A lit - tle kiss to
pian - ge - re, cru - del, co - me un bam - bi - no: In - ver, ti die - di un
colla parte
cresc.
colla parte
a tempo
rit.
un
seal my bliss, My dear- est, will you grant me! Why, what a scowl - ing
ba - - cio su quel gen - til vi - si - no, ma da quest' o - ra,
poco lento
face is this? Nay, love, you get no kiss!
cre - di - mi, mai più te ne da - rò!
a tempo
rit.
colla parte

DEAREST MAIDEN

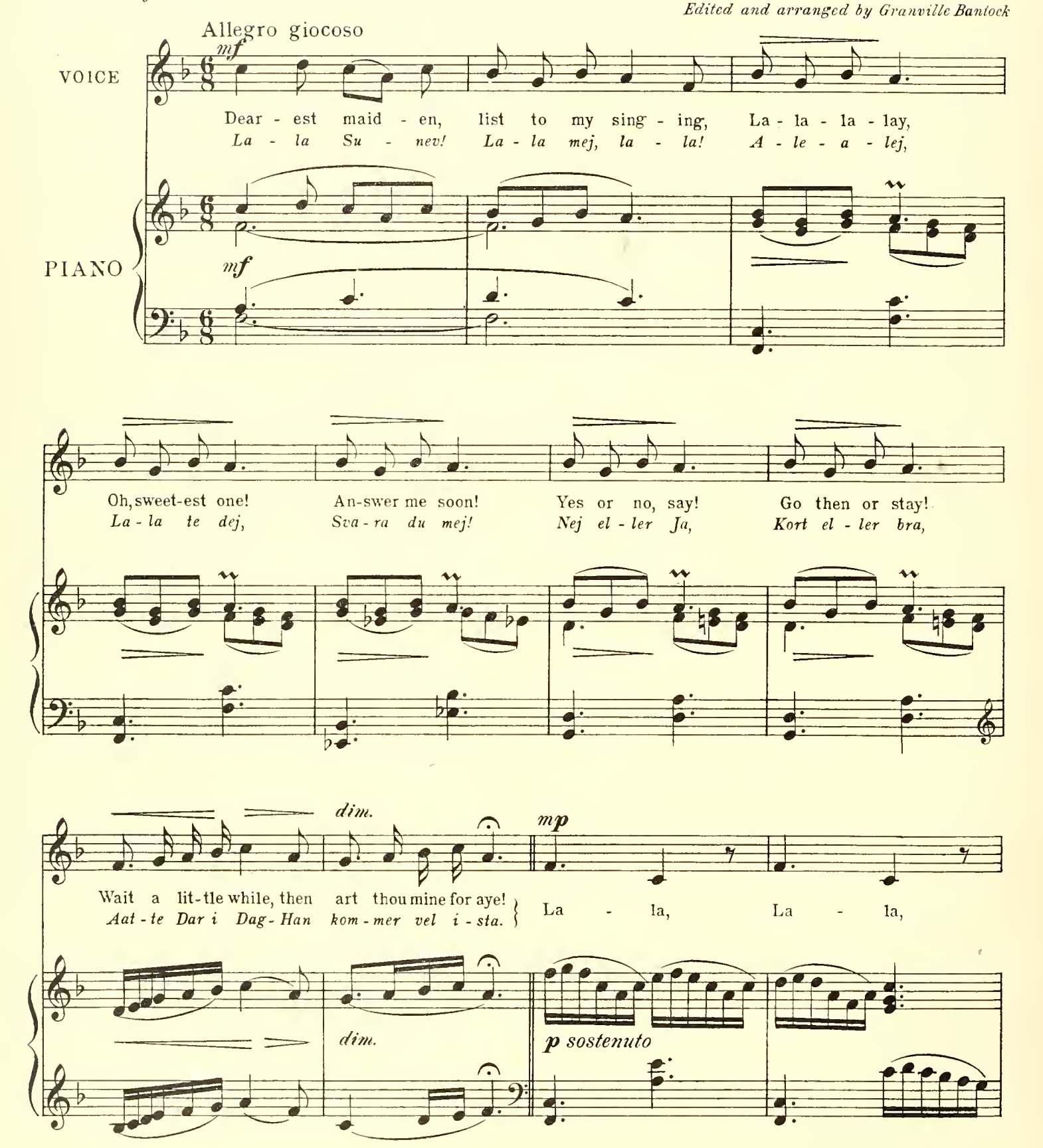
(KAU FRA HALLINGDALEN)

(Norway)

Translated by H. F. B.

Shepherd's Song

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock



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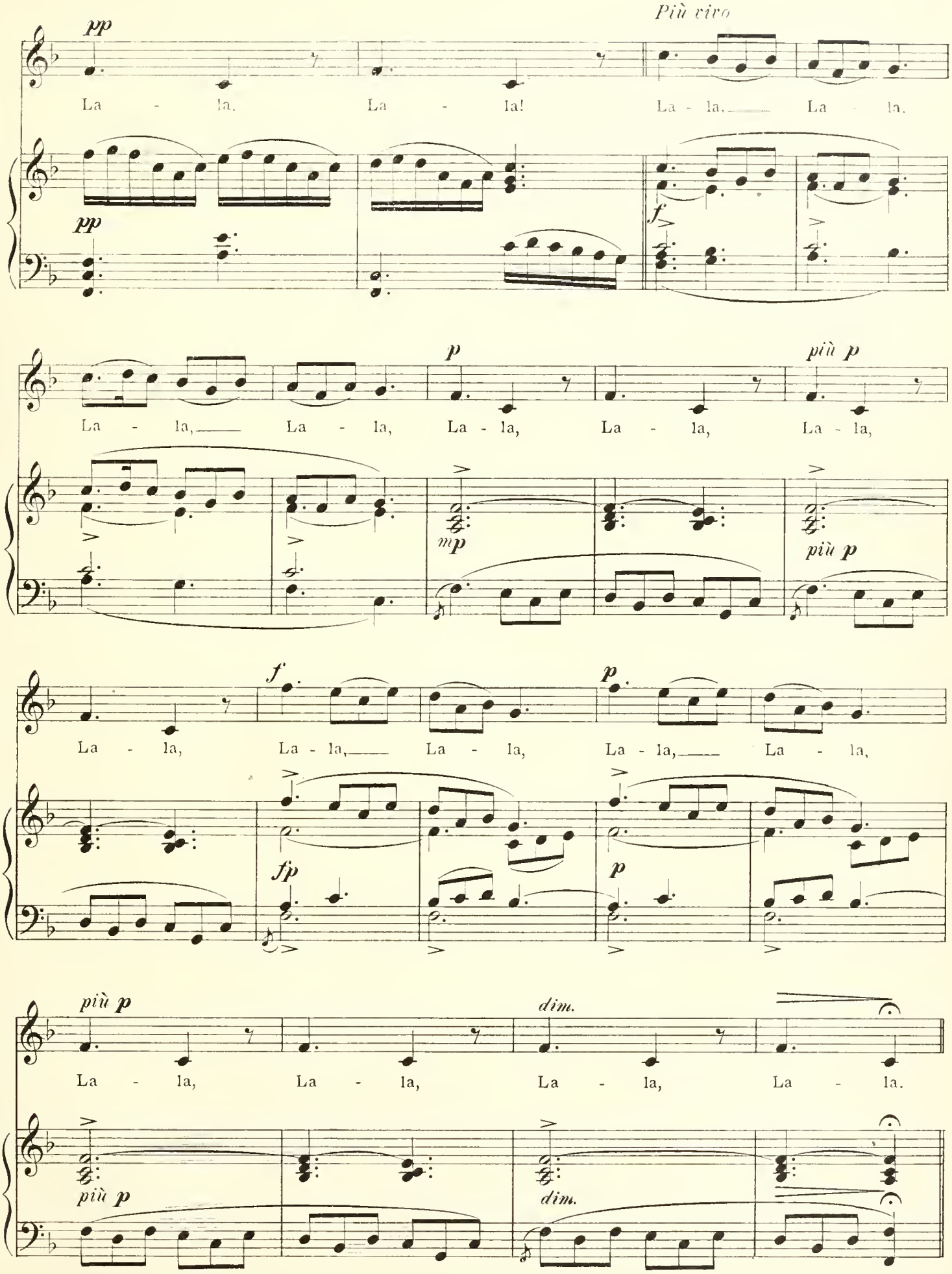
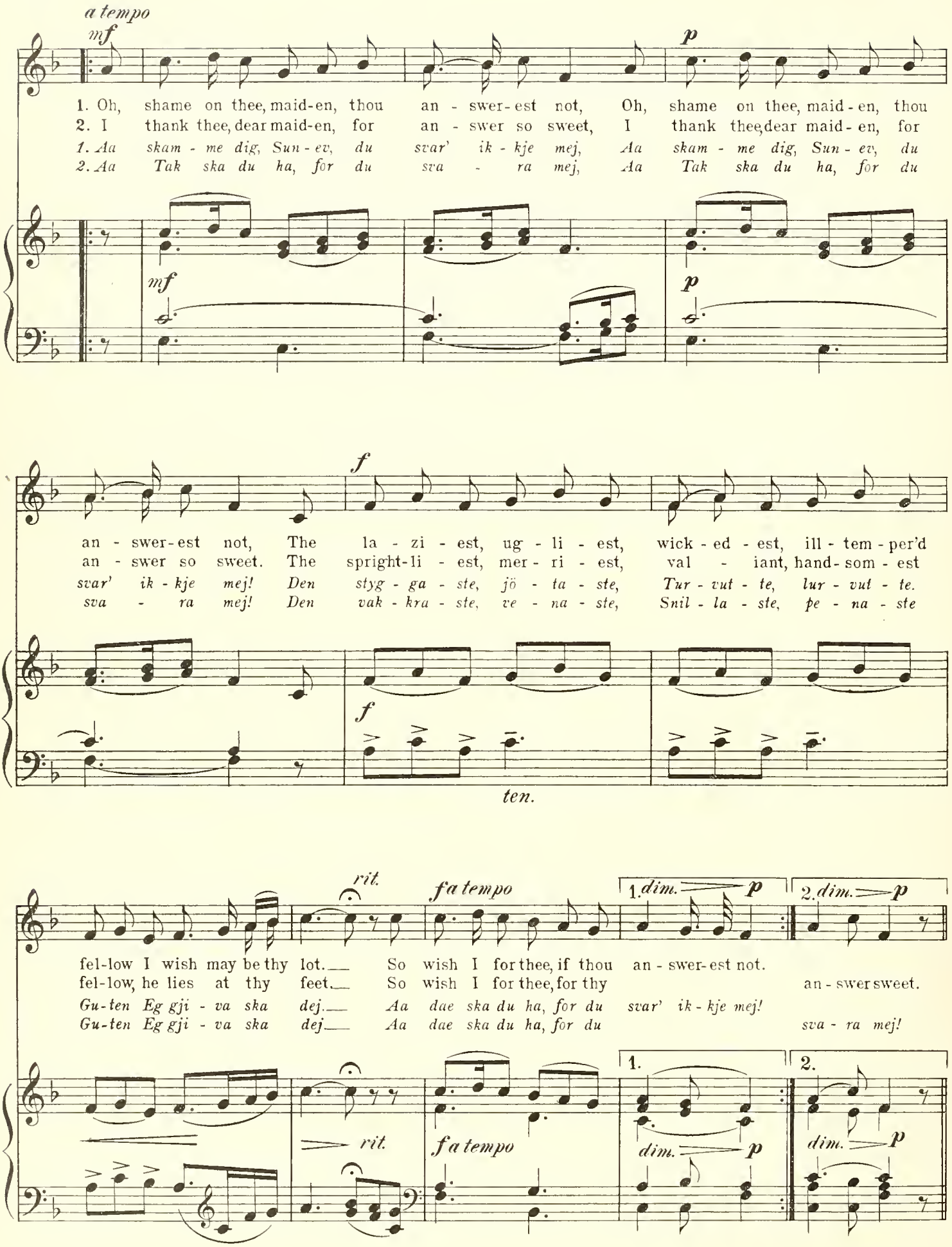

Più vivo
pp
La - la, La - la! La - la, La - la,
pp
f
La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la,
p
più p
mp
più p
La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la,
f
p
fp
p
più p
dim.
La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la.
più p
dim.


a tempo
mf
p
1. Oh, shame on thee, maid-en, thou an - swer-est not, Oh, shame on thee, maid-en, thou
2. I thank thee, dear maid-en, for an - swer so sweet, I thank thee, dear maid-en, for
1. Aa skam - me dig, Sun - ev, du svar' ik - kje mej, Aa skam - me dig, Sun - ev, du
2. Aa Tak ska du ha, for du sva - ra mej, Aa Tak ska du ha, for du
mf
p
f
an - swer-est not, The la - zi - est, ug - li - est, wick - ed - est, ill - tem - per'd
an - swer so sweet. The spright-li - est, mer - ri - est, val - iant, hand-som - est
svar' ik - kje mej! Den styg - ga - ste, jö - ta - ste, Tur - vut - te, lur - vut - te.
sva - ra mej! Den vak - kra - ste, ve - na - ste, Snil - la - ste, pe - na - ste
f
ten.
rit.
f a tempo
1. dim. p
2. dim. p
fel-low I wish may be thy lot. So wish I for thee, if thou an - swer-est not.
fel-low, he lies at thy feet. So wish I for thee, for thy an - swer sweet.
Gu-ten Eg gji - va ska dej. Aa dae ska du ha, for du svar' ik - kje mej!
Gu-ten Eg gji - va ska dej. Aa dae ska du ha, for du sva - ra mej!
rit.
f a tempo
1.
2.
dim. p
dim. p

Più vivo

f *p*

La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la,

f *p*

più p *f*

La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la,

più p *fp*

p *più p*

La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la,

p *più p*

poco a poco
dim. *pp rall.* *morendo*

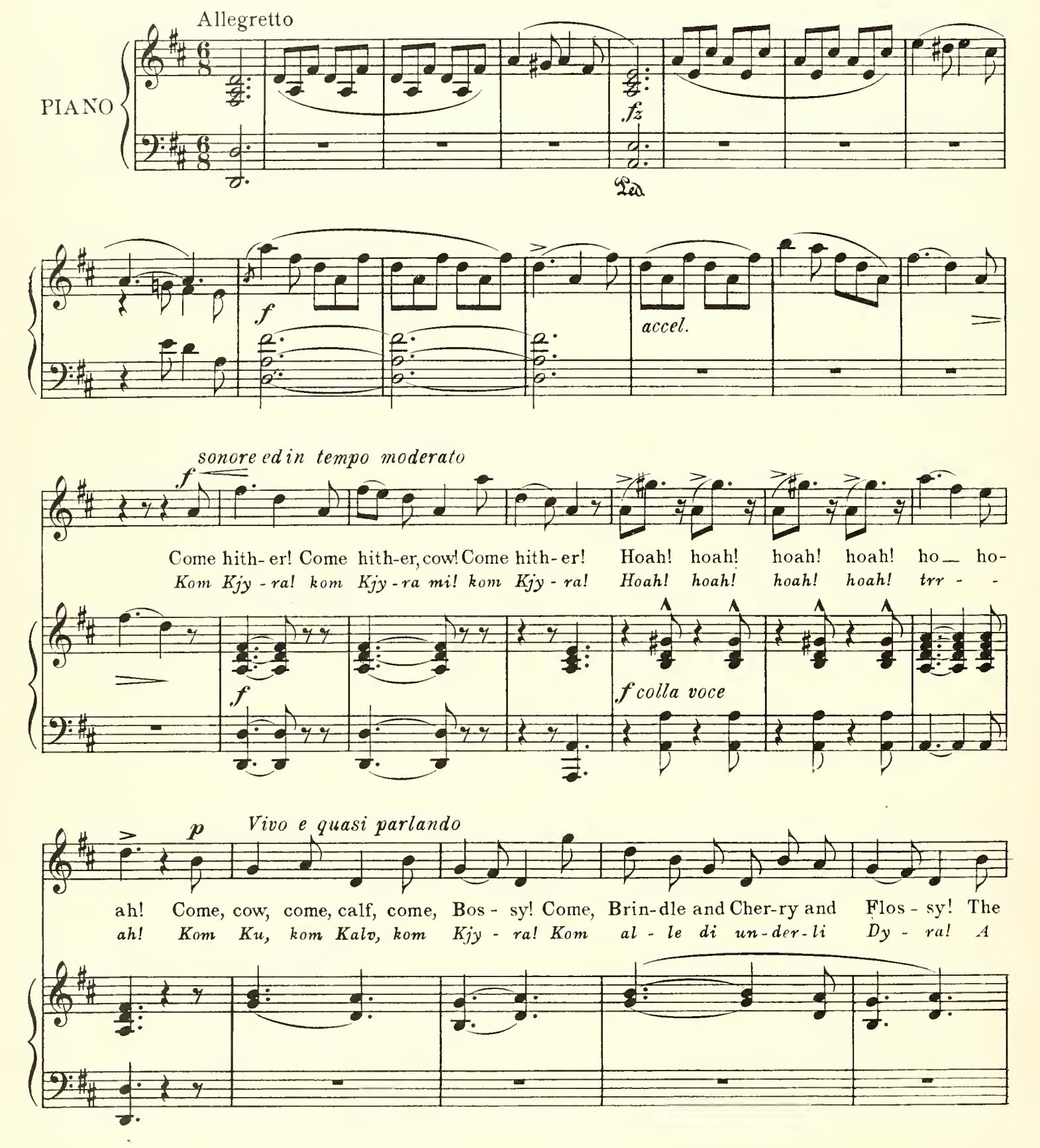
La - la, La - la, La.

poco a poco
dim. *pp rall.* *morendo*

NORWEGIAN ECHO SONG
(KOM KJYRA)

H. A. BJERREGAARD
Translated by Auber Forestier

WALDEMAR THRANE
(1790-1828)



The version here given of this Norwegian folksong is the one used by Jenny Lind. The unaccompanied Coda, at the close, introducing an echo, was added by the Swedish songstress.

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parlando

smith, with his tongs and ham - mer, is here, He'll put the brand on my Bos-sies dear, The

Sme - en kom fram me Ham - mer å Tan Sat - te de Mar - kje pa Stu - te hodn De

più sonore *f* *sf*

naugh - ty old sher - iff so or - ders. Ho - ah! ho - ah! ho - ah! Come, all

völ - te den skal - ku - ti Lens - man, Ho - ah! ho - ah! ho - ah! kom al -

f

ye Bos - sies dear! Poor Bos - sies!

- le Kjy - ra mi! A Stak - kar!

Moderato

dolce

O'er the hill drops down the sun, long - er grow the shad-ows,

So - la gar bak A - se ne, Skug - gan bli så lan - gje,

accel.

Steal - ing on - ward, one by one, Far a - cross the mead-ows.
Not - ta kjem snart at - te - ve Tœ - ke meg ti Fan - gje.

accel.

f

Vivo

Low-ing herds have sought the fold, Soon my dai - ly tasks are told,
Kry-tran u - ti Kvi - en står, Eg åt Sœ - ter stu - li går,

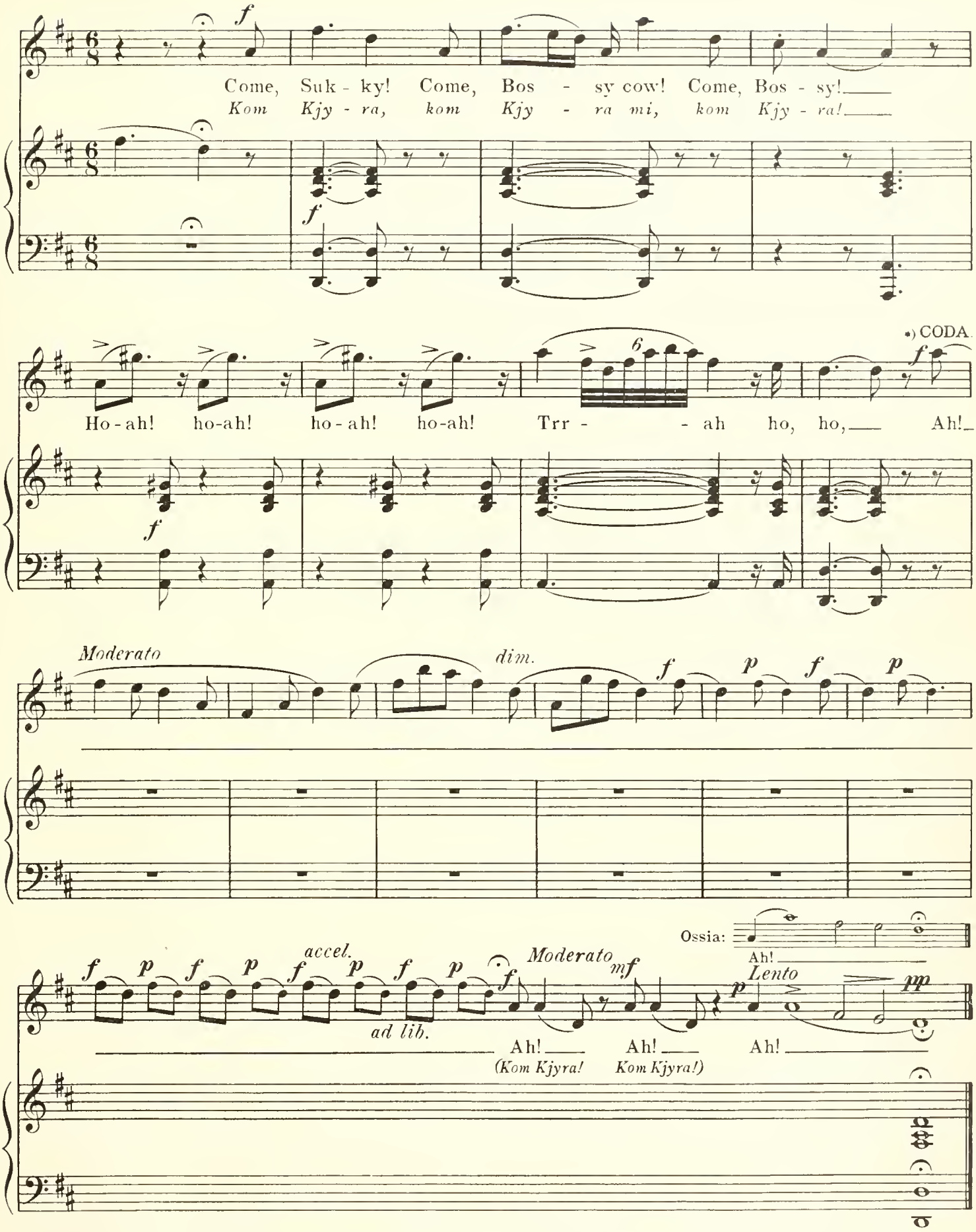
mp *più* *f*

con forza

Low-ing herds have sought the fold, Soon my dai - ly tasks are told.
Kry-tran u - ti Kvi - en står, Eg åt Sœ - ter stu - li går!

Molto allegro

f



*) Here Jenny Lind, who always accompanied herself in the song, turned from the piano toward the audience, facing the latter, and singing toward the far end of the room (having in view the production of the echo) until the final notes, when she slowly turned toward the instrument, and struck the chord of D to the same note in the voice part.

DEAREST MAIDEN, HARK, I PRAY THEE
(KRAKOWIAK)

Translated by H. F. B.

Polish Dance Song, from Krakow

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

1. Dear-est maid-en, hark, I pray thee, Make with me a mer-ry bar-gain, Sweet-est songs of love I'll sing thee, But with kiss-es thou must pay me. Ah, so sweet the com-pact nev-er

2. Light-ly laughs the ro-guish maid-en, From her red lips comes no an-swer, Like a bird her heart I'll cap-ture, With my sing-ing, pas-sion la-den. Sing and sing till soft eyes dark-en,

1. U-klad ze mna zrób, dzie-wecz-ko, zo-czy-wi-stym two-im zys-kiem jac dam piosn-ke za pios-necz-ka ty mi u-ścisk za u-ścis-kiem. Przy u-kla-dzie tym ob-sta-waj

2. Dzié-wcze sie na to u-smié-cha nic nie mó-wi, wiec ze-zwa-la; ja zac-zy-nam spie-wac zci-cha tra la la la, tra la la la. Spié-wam cia-gle, o-na slu-cha

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Could I claim my songs a - gain then, Keep them while I—
Fill'd with love, as night with shad - ow, And so sweet my
a wa - ru - jac so - bie zy - ski ty mi pio - snek
sa - dze wiec o téj fi - lu - tce Ze gdy mi na -

f

earth for - get - ting, Kiss those love - ly lips for ev - er.
song, thy spir - it Sure - ly such a song must heark - en.
nie od - da - waj ja ci od - dam twe u - sci - ski.
dsta - wia u - cha od - da mi i ser - ce wkro - tce.

a tempo
p

Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

p a tempo

rit. *a tempo*

tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la!
tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

rit. *a tempo* *f*

HOW SHALL I UNHAPPY
(CÓŻ JA NIEBORACZEK)

Translated by George Harris, Jr.

Polish Folksong from Sandomir
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

How shall I, un - hap - - py, e'er for - get my
Cóż ja nie - bo - ra - - czek cóż ja pocz - ną

cresc.

fz

yearn - ing? Mem - o - ry sends tear - drops from my eye - lids
te - - raz jak ja so - bie wspo - mną to za - pła - czę

p scherz.

p

mf poco più mosso

burn - ing. To the fields I wan - der, O how sad my
nie - raz. Wyj - dę na po - lecz - - ko, bied - ne mo - je

mf

*) This theme from Chopin's Mazurka, Op. 7, №1, is closely allied in origin to this folksong, and therefore the editor has employed it in the accompaniment. *H. R.*

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sostenuto

lot is! And with tears re - mem - ber how of pain my
ży - cie, jak ja so - bie wspo - mnę za - płá - czę, so -

colla parte

pp *rit.*

thought is, my thought is, ah!
wi - cie, so - wi - cie, O da - na, da - na, da - na, da - - - - na!

colla parte *fz*

pp

sotto voce

For my love be - tray'd me, my folk let me suf - - fer,
Ko - cha necz - ka zdrad - - na bra - cia nie po te - - mu

cresc. *fz* *p scherz.*

riten. e sostenuto assai

And the world all mar - vell'd at so false a lov - er.
lu - dzie się dzi wu - ją ko - cha - niu mo - je - mu.

colla parte

OH, HOP-VINE
(OJ CHMIELU)

Translated by George Harris, Jr.

Polish Wedding Song from Sandomir
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Lento (♩ = 88)

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Oh, hop - vine, hop - vine, thou a - bun - dant
1. Oj chmie - lu, chmie - lu ty buj - ne zie -

plant, For love and feast - ing thou shalt ev - er want.
le, nie bę - dzie przez cię ża - dne we - se - le.

rit.

Allegro (♩. = 52)

f

Oh, hop - vine, e'er un - hap - py On hill - top
Oj chmie - lu oj nie - bo - że to na dół

and in val - ley, Thou un - hap - py vine, hop - vine!
To po gó - rze chmie - lu nie bo - że bo - że.

ritenuto

Ped.

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Tempo I

p

2. Oh, hop - vine, hop - vine, all to thee must yield,
3. Oh, hop - vine, hop - vine, in no leaf - y fold

2. Oj chmie - lu, chmie - lu ty roz - boj - ni - ku,
3. Oj chmie - lu, chmie - lu na to - bie ro - sa

rit.

Thou dost chase the maid - ens o - - ver the field.
Dew-drops of the morn - ing dost thou soft - ly hold.

Go - - ni - łeś pan - ny po pas - ter - ni - ku.
nie u - trzy - mas ty wkie - sie - ni gro - sa.

Allegro

f

3. Oh, hop - vine, e'er un - hap - py, May God in heav'n
3. Oj chmie - lu, oj nie - bo - że niech ci Pan Bóg

riten.

come to help_ thee, Thou un - hap - py vine, hop - vine!
Do - po - mo - że chmie - lu nie - bo - że, bo - że,

riten.

Ped. Ped.

Tempo I

p

Oh, hop - vine, hop - vine, may its leaf - y dress,
Oj chmie - lu, chmie - lu na to - bie li - scie,

p

lento assai

My be - lov - ed treas - ure, guard thy hearth and bless.
Mu - - ja . pa - nien - ke o - ce - pi - li - scie.

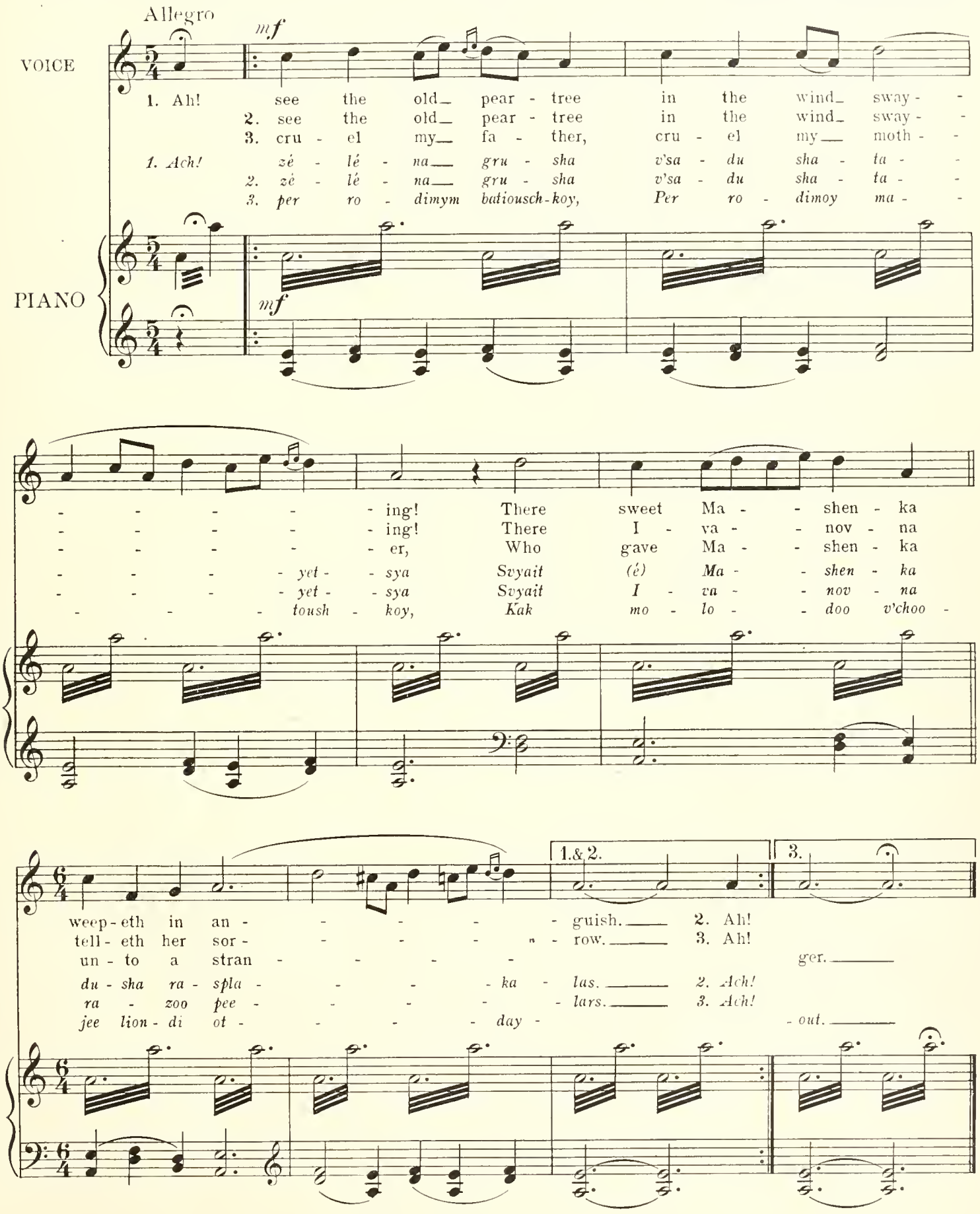
lento assai

AH! SEE THE OLD PEAR-TREE
(ZÉLÉNA GRUSHA)

Translated by Rosa Newmarch

(Russia)

Folksong from Saratov
Arranged by N. Rimsky-Korsakov



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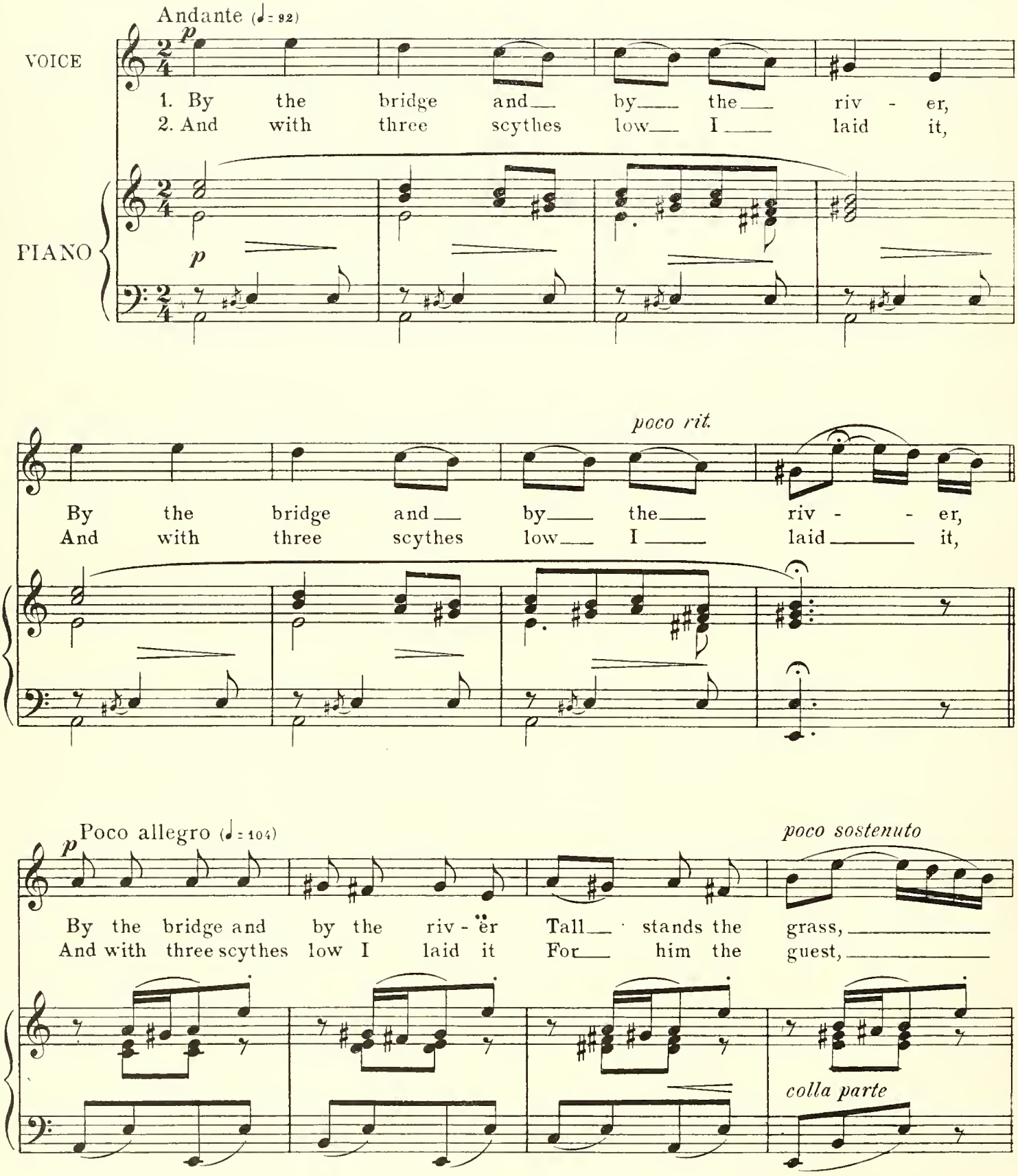
BY THE BRIDGE
(WOZLI RYCZKI WOZLI MOSTA)

Translated from the Russian
by Constance Purdy

Russian Dumka
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann



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a tempo *espr. rit.*

By the bridge and by the riv - er Tall stands the grass.
For the guest and for the sweet-heart I held so dear.

a tempo

mf a tempo

Tall it stands, and soft and silk - en,
Now with grief my heart is la - den,

a tempo

Tall it stands, and soft and silk - en,
Now with grief my heart is la - den,

poco a poco string. e cresc.

Soft and silk - en, green and fra - grant, Tall the grass stands,
Now with grief my heart is la - den, Heav - y my heart,

poco a poco string. e cresc.

f

1.

Soft and silk - en, green and fra - grant, Tall the grass stands.
Now with grief my heart is la - den,

f

2. *dim. e rit.*

Heav - y my heart!

dim. colla parte *p rit.*

O'ER THE DISTANT LONELY MOUNTAINS

(DALEKAYA I BLEZKAYA)

A. KOCIPINSKI
Translated by H. F. B.

Russian Folksong
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Allegro (♩ = 112)

VOICE

PIANO

p

O'er the dis - tant lone - ly moun - tains, seek - ing love I wan - der,
O - dna go - ra ve - so - ka - ya, A dru - ga - ya nez - ka;

pp
il basso sempre un poco marcato

Though there dwells a gen - tle maid - en in the val - ley yon - der.
O - dna me - la da - le - ka - ya A dru - ga - ya blez - ka.

poco a poco cresc.

Rich in world's wealth, sweet the maid - en ma - ny love her dear - ly,
Oe ou sé - i ble - zen - ko - i Vo - le ta ko - ro - ve;

poco a poco cresc.

But I dream of dis - tant glan - ces, where wild love burns clear - ly.
A - oū to - i da - le - ko - i Ta tshor - ne - i bro - ve.

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Joys of—wealth would but a mo - ment still my soul's re - pin - ing,
A— oū— se - i ble - zen - ko - i Vo - le po - zde - ka - out,

While like stars those eyes for ev - er were through dark - ness shin - ing.
A— oū— to - i da - le - ko - i Briv - ke né zlen - ya - out.

poco a poco stringendo

Swift I— come then, O be - lov - ed, spurn - ing wealth and leis - ure,
Oe— ya— sou - u ble - zen - kya - oū Lou - dyam po - da - ru - ou,

cresc.

molto rit. *ff* *ff*

Soon will in these arms en - fold thee, O my heart's one treas - ure.
A— do— to - i da - le - ko - i, Oe sam po - man - dru - ou.

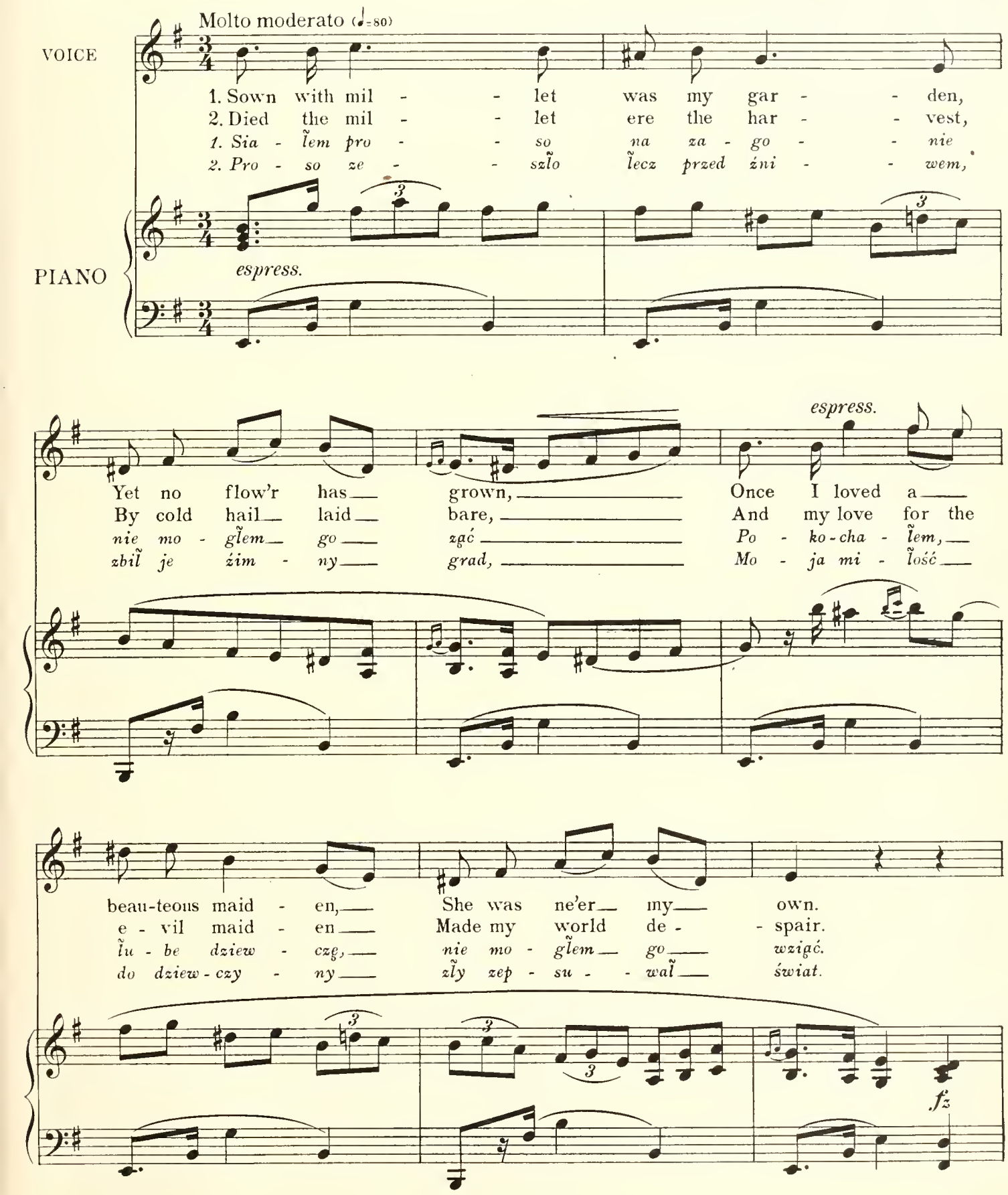
molto rit.

f *ff*

SOWN WITH MILLET WAS MY GARDEN
(SIAŁEM PROSO NA ZAGONIE)

Translated by George Harris, Jr.

Folksong from Little Russia
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann



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poco più mosso

Mil - let sown, no flow'r grown, Maid - en loved
Mil - let by hail laid bare, By love all
Bo po siać, to nie zać, bo kô chać
Plon zbo za znicsz - czył grad dzie wczę cia

poco più mosso

p

ritard, molto espressivo

a tempo

ne'er my own, Though the maid - en did be - tray me,
made de - spair, Though my hopes of love are fad - ed,
to nie wziać Choć mnie zdra - dza lu - be dziew - czę,
nie dał świat. Choć za - wiod - ła me na - dzie - je,

colla parte

espress.

Yet I can - - not moan.
Mem - 'ry still is fair.
nie mo - gę go klać.
wspo - mi nam ja rad!

MY NEIGHBOR

(A SUSIDA)

Translated by Deems Taylor

Ruthenian Folksong

Andante

mf

VOICE

1. Tall my neigh-bor's wheat is grow-ing, Leaves of ten-der green are show-ing.
2. Soft-ly, dear one, cease to wor-ry, Vex thee not, nor vain-ly hur-ry.

1. A su-si-da ży-to si-je A-wsu-si-dy ze le-ni-je
2. Oy su-si-da ne tu ży I nie-czo-ho ne ka-zy

PIANO

mf

Bleak and bare my fields are ly-ing; Though to till them I've been try-ing,
I will help thee, lit-tle neigh-bor; Fields will bloom, if man but la-bor,

A u me-ne ni o-ra-no a-ni ży-ta ne si-ja-no,
My bu-dem po-la o-ra-ty I na nyeh ży-to si-ja-ty,

p *dim.*

dim. molto

Bleak and bare my fields are ly-ing; Though to till them I've been try-ing.
I will help thee, lit-tle neigh bor, Fields will bloom, if man but la-bor.

A u me-ne ni o-ra-no a-ni ży-ta ne si-ja-no.
My bu-dem po-la o-ra-ty I na nyeh ży-to si-ja-ty.

p *pp*

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THE DANCERS
(OY SZUMYT I HUDE)

Translated by Deems Taylor — Ruthenian Folksong

Moderato

VOICE

1. "Hark! the thun-der, mark the light-ning! See the tor-rent's whi-t'ning foam!
2. Spake the bold and hand-some Cos-sack: "Ev-er fear-less do I roam!

1. Oy szu-myt i hu-dyt Drob ny dosz czyk i-de
2. O-by-zwaw-si-a ko-zak Na so-lod-kim me-du

PIANO

Pit-y me, a fright-en'd maid-en; Who, pray, will take me home?
Dance thou gai-ly, lit-tle maid-en; Lo! I will take thee home,

A ktoż me-ne mo-ło den-ku do-do-mu za-we-de,
Hu-lay, hu-lay di-we-zynon-ko Ja do do-mu za-we-du.

mf *f*

Pit-y me, a fright-en'd maid-en; Who, pray, will take me home?"
Dance thou gai-ly, lit-tle maid-en; Lo! I will take thee home."

A ktoż me-ne mo-ło den-ku do-do-mu za-we-de.
Hu-lay, hu-lay di-wczy non-ko Ja do do-mu za-we-du.

p *f*

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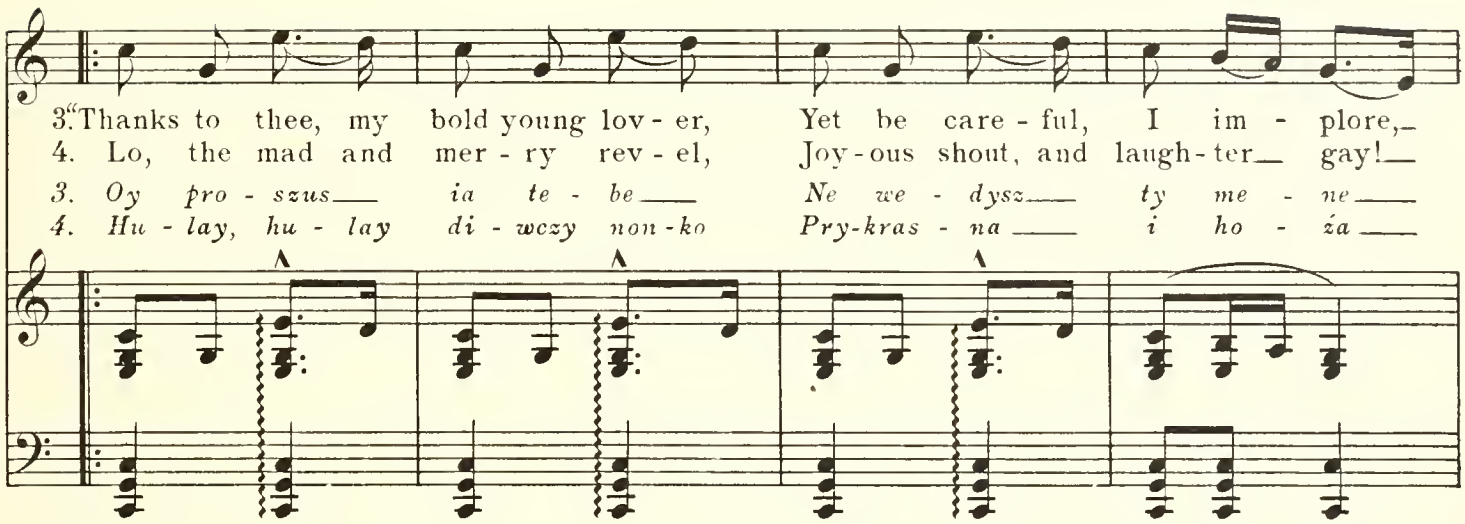
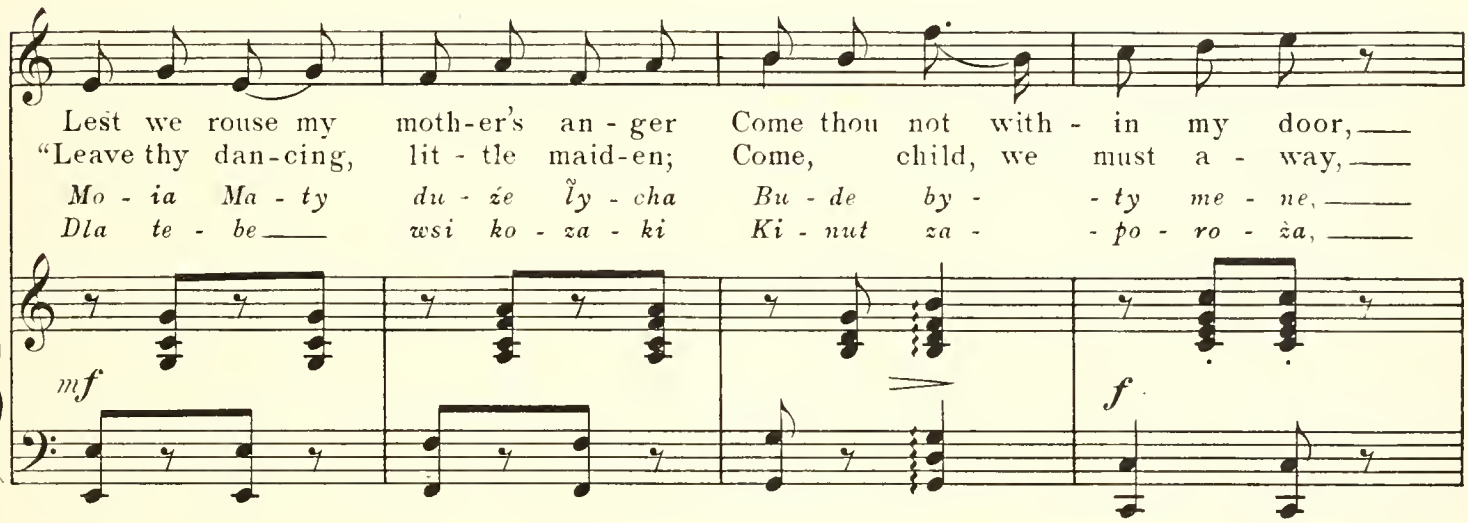
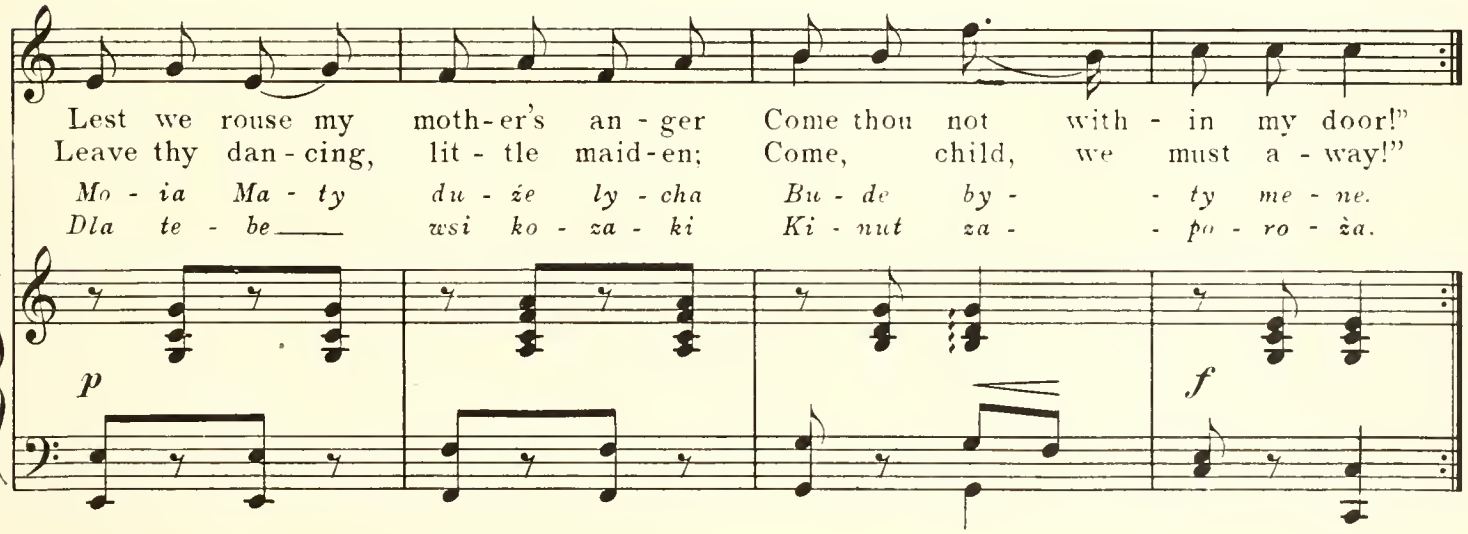
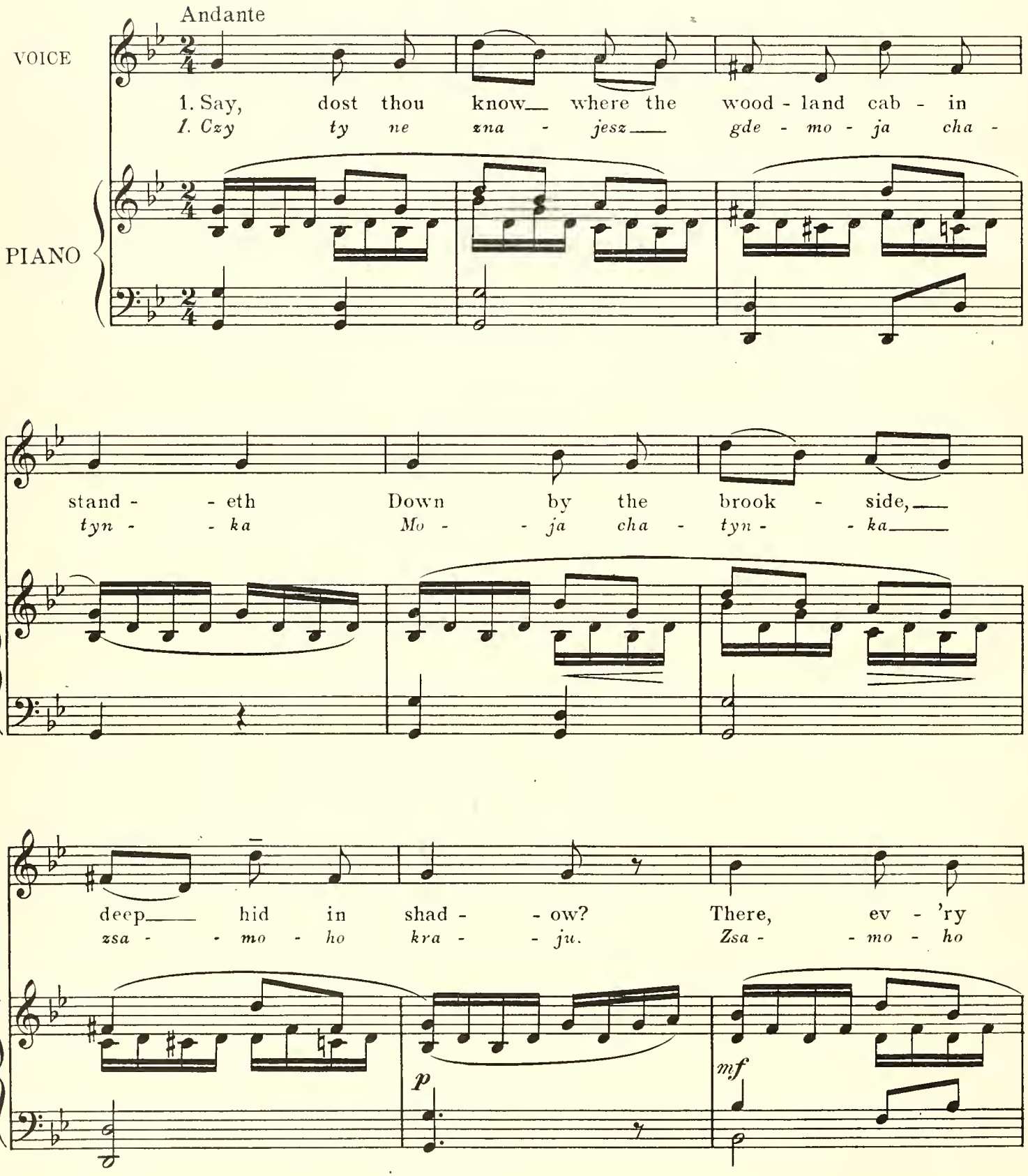

3. "Thanks to thee, my bold young lov - er, Yet be care - ful, I im - plore,
4. Lo, the mad and mer - ry rev - el, Joy - ous shout, and laugh - ter gay!
3. Oy pro - szus ia te - be Ne we - dysz ty me - ne
4. Hu - lay, hu - lay di - wczy non - ko Pry - kras - na i ho - ża


Lest we rouse my moth - er's an - ger Come thou not with - in my door,
"Leave thy dan - cing, lit - tle maid - en; Come, child, we must a - way,
Mo - ia Ma - ty du - że ly - cha Bu - de by - ty me - ne,
Dla te - be wsi ko - za - ki Ki - nut za - po - ro - ża,
mf
f


Lest we rouse my moth - er's an - ger Come thou not with - in my door!"
Leave thy dan - cing, lit - tle maid - en; Come, child, we must a - way!"
Mo - ia Ma - ty du - że ly - cha Bu - de by - ty me - ne.
Dla te - be wsi ko - za - ki Ki - nut za - po - ro - ża.
p
f

THE WOODLAND CABIN
(HRYC)

Ruthenian Folksong



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eve - - ning a love - ly maid - en com - - eth,
kra - - ju ko - - lo kre - ny - - ci

cresc. *sf*

Seek - ing its shel - ter as gray twi - light fall - eth.
Gde cho - diat diw - ki na we czor - ny - ci.

p

2.

When deepest night veils the lonely wood in darkness,
Then take thou heed, O youth, lest she snare thee.
Shun thou the flame in her sombre eyes deep-glowing;
Dear lad, beware, lest her dark spell enchant thee.

3.

Forth to the meadow at early dawn she goeth,
Plucks there a blossom pale-hued and deadly;
When sinks the sun in the western sky of crimson
Brews she a draught for the doomed lad unwitting.

4.

Lo! on the morrow the youth lies cold and lifeless;
Bitter the tears of sad friends that mourn him
Wrathful, the mother beholds her daughter's sinning;
Heavy the blow from her stern hand avenging.

5.

"Mother, my mother, now dies thy sinful daughter;
Dies, like the lad who no longer loved her.
Ne'er would the grave hold his body well-beloved
Had he been true to his love ever-faithful."

6.

Forth to the churchyard the sad procession goeth;
Stricken with grief the poor mother mourneth.
Now tolls the bell, now the priest a prayer intoneth
Over the grave where the fair maiden sleepeth.

2.

Ne chody Hryciu na weczornyei
Po na weczornyeiach diwki czarownyei
Kotroja diwka ezornobrywaja
Ta czarownyeia sprawedlywaja.

3.

W nedilu rana zilo kopaĭa
A w ponediĭok cih spoĭoskaĭa
Wi wtorok rano zila waryĭa
Przyszĭa sereda Hrycia struiĭa.

4.

Pryiszow czetwer hrye pomer
Pryiszĭa piatnycia pochowa ĭy hrycia
Pryiszla sobota maty doniu byĭa
Naszczoty doniu Hrycia struila.

5.

W nedilu rano wewsi dzwon dzwoniat
Hryeiowa maty bily ruezky lomyt
Wze Hrycia wziaĭy na ementar zanesĭy
Zemlo prysypaĭy amen zaspiwaĭy.

6.

Stanu pred Bohom skażu prawdywie
Szezos mene ze swita zbawyĭa złosĭywie
O Boże boże z wysokoho neba
Czyz za kochanie umeraty treba.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

(GIN A BODY MEET A BODY)

ROBERT BURNS
(1759-1796)

Old Scottish Air
Arranged by Colin Campbell

Archly

VOICE

PIANO

mp

Ped. *

p

1. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' thro' the rye,
2. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' frae the town,
3. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' frae the well,

p

cresc. *p rit.*

Gin a bo - dy greet a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy cry?
Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy frown?
Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy tell?

cresc. *p rit.*

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f a tempo *dim. e rit.* *a tempo*

Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane, they say, hae - I, Yet

f a tempo *dim. e rit.* *a tempo*

cresc. *p* *rit.*

a' the lads they smile at - me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

cresc. *p rit.* *mf* *a tempo*

Ped. *

4.

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel;
But whaur his hame, or what his name
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' thro' the rye.

MAXWELLTON BRAES ARE BONNIE

(ANNIE LAURIE)

Verses and Melody
by Lady JOHN SCOTT
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Simply

VOICE

PIANO

p

p

cresc.

1. Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And its
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the swan, Her

p

pp

there that An-nie Lau-rie Gi'ed me her prom-ise true; Gi'ed
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That

cresc.

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me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for
e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for

f

bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doon an'
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doon an'

rit.

dim.

rit.

dee.
dee.

a tempo

p

3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fair - y

p

pp

feet; And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing Her

p

voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, She's

a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd

rit.

lay me doun an' dee.

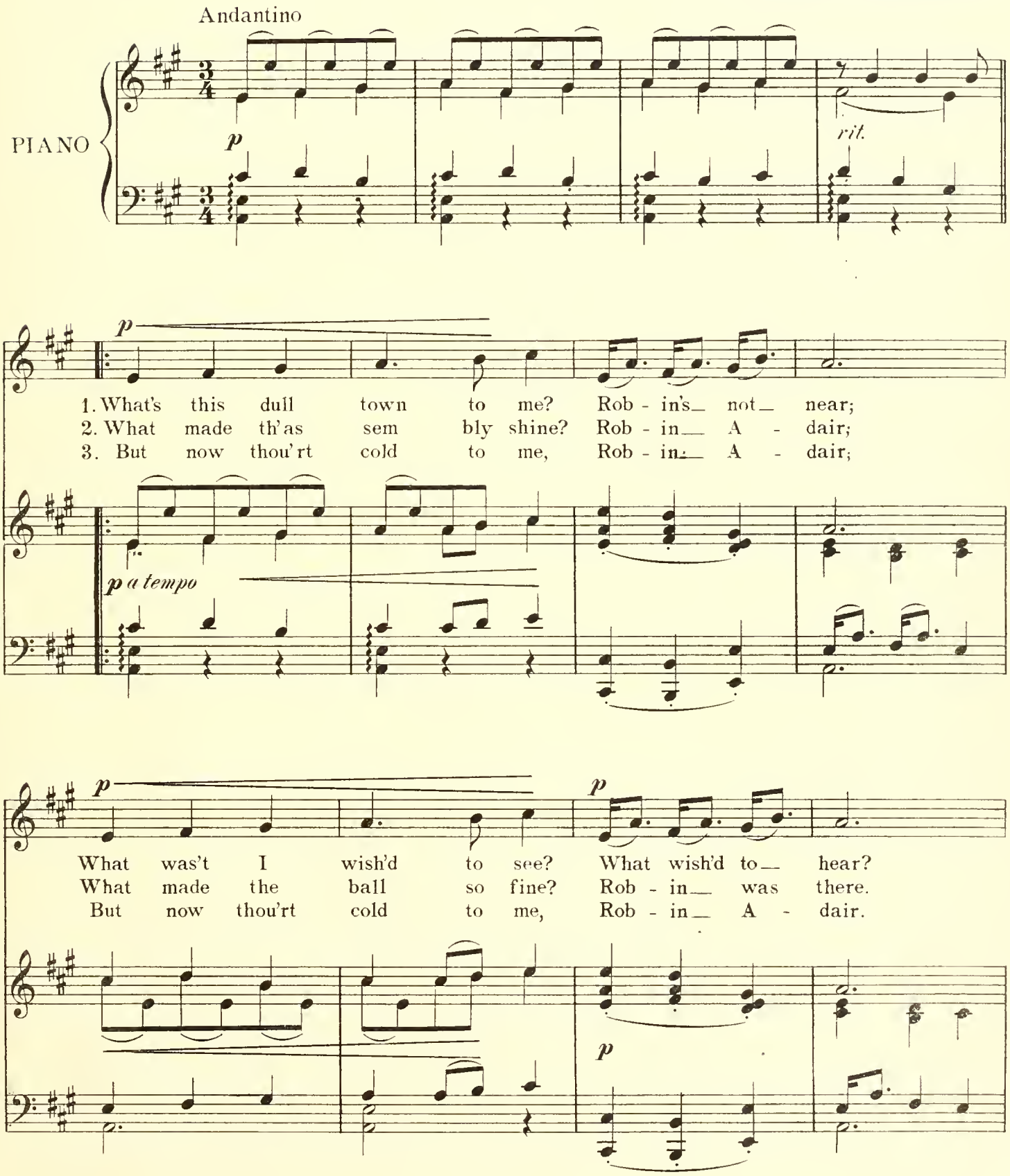
rit.

pp

WHAT'S THIS DULL TOWN TO ME?

(ROBIN ADAIR)

Old Celtic Air, common
to Scotland and Ireland
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK



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cresc. agitato

Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town
What, when the play was o'er, What made my
Yet he I lov'd so well, Still in my

cresc.

f *p* *rit.*

heav'n on earth? O they're all fled wi' thee, Rob - in A -
heart so sore? O, it was part - ing with Rob - in A -
heart shall dwell; Oh, I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A -

f *p* *rit.*

1st and 2nd time | Last time

dair.
dair.
dair.

pp L.H. L.H.

COME, MY DEAREST
(PJESMA)

(Servia)

Folksong

Translated by H. F. B.

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andante *con espress.*

VOICE

PIANO

mf — *dim.*

1. Come, my dear - est, Why so sad this morn - - ing?
2. Thou, sweet on - ly, Prize of my en - deav - - or,

Sun - ce žar - ko ne si - jaš jed - na - - ko

mf sost. — *dim.*

cresc. — *mf* — *dim.*

Is it then my love thou fear - est, That my suit thou'rt scorn - ing?
Rapt in dream - ings, cold and lone - ly, Dost de - ny me ev - er.

sun - ce žar - ko (i - me mo - je) ne si - jaš jed - na - ko.

cresc. — *mf* — *dim.*

‖: Moj me dragi ne ljubi jednako, :‖
‖: Il' jednako, il' nemoj nikako, :‖ etc.
. Il' se mani, ili me sahrani.
Znaš nevero kako si se kleo?
Na sred sela kod bresta zelena:
„Drugu necú, za tobom umret cu;"
A danas si veru prevrnus,
Bolesna le prevrtala majka,
Od Mitrova do Petrova danka,
I opet ti duša ne wzašla,
Dok na mome krilu ne zaspao!

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ON A CRYSTAL THRONE

(NECKEN'S POLSKA)

A. A. AFZELIUS
Translated by H. F. B.

(Sweden)

Folksong
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. On a crys - tal throne, 'neath wild waves heav - ing, Nec - ken dreams in his
2. "Where-fore lin - g'rest thou, nor heed'st my yearn - ing, Star that shines while the

1. Djupt i haf - vet på de - man - te - häl - len Nec - ken hvi - lar i
2. Ä - girs döt - trar ho - nom sak - te - li - ga Gun - ga fram pa den

mf

stacc.

dim. *p*

deep green hall, Gen - tly, veils the fair - ies are weav - ing, Shades of eve - ning
world's a - sleep, Thou that once, when Earth's first fires were burn - ing, Wast my bride in the

grö - nan sal. Nat - tens tär - nor spän - na mör - ka pel - len Öf - ver skog, öf - ver
kla - ra sjö. Har - pans ljud de gå så sor - ge - li - ga, Sö - ka fjerr - an en

dim. *p*

dim. *f*

soft - ly fall. To the dark - 'ning heav'n how gaze his yearn - ing eyes,
sha - dowy deep, And when I with rap - ture fain would raise my song;

berg och dal. Qväl - len herr - lig star i svar - tan hög - tids - skrud;
vag att dö. Fast hans ö - ga står åt dun - kla him - mel - en;

dim. *f marc.*

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allarg. p a tempo mf

To the night's bright splen-dor shin-ing stars a - rise, Pearls that Frey - a's pure brow en-ring, And
'Twas thy beau - ty held me in a spell so strong, That my heart sank all still and mute, My

När och fjer - ran ej en sus-ning, in - tet ljud Stör det lugn, öf - ver nej - den rår, När
In - gen stjer - na bå - dar nat-tens drot - tning än: Frej - a smy - ckar sitt gyll - ne hår, Och

allarg. p a tempo

p rall. dim. pp

to his harp doth griev - ing Nec-ken sing, And to his harp doth griev - ing Nec-ken sing.
soul was si - lent as my gold-en lute, My soul was si - lent as my gold-en lute."

haf - vets kung ur gyll - ne bor - gen går, När haf- vets kung ur gyll - ne bor - gen går.
Nec - ken så sin sorg på har - pan slår. Och Nec - ken sa sin sorg på har - pan slår.

mf p dim. rall. pp

3

Thus the singer! Then to heav'ns height leaping
Laughing Freya shone through the night,
Ever she saw to the sea strand creeping
All his sad tears in silv'ry light.
Soft she bless'd the lonely singer with her grace
Shadow'd in the trembling wave her lovely face.
Now is sounding so sweet and strong
Across the deep the joyous harper's song!

4

All the stars of heav'n are dancing, bounding
Mirror'd in leaping of the waves,
As the clear and silv'ry song is sounding
O'er the strand, through the echoing caves.
And when rosy-red the Day-god leapt on high,
Trembling, pale, the star swift faded from the sky,
Farewell murm'ring, "Mine hour is o'er."
While golden harp-strings sweetly rang no more.

3

"O, hvar dväljs du, klaraste bland stjernor!
I den blånande skymningsstund?
Du, som fordom, en af jordens tärnor,
Var min brud uti hafvets grund,
Och, när hjertat brann vid mina ömma slag,
Smög sa skön och blyg de tjusande behag
Mot min barm i den svala flod,
Och gyllne harpan stum på vågen stod.

4

Men dig Oden böd högt öfver jorden
Evigt stråla fran Gimles famn.
Med sin harpa sångarn enslig vorden,
Qvar blott äger din bild, ditt namn.
Men en dag, när Midgårdsormen reser sig,
Gudar väpnas, allt förlossas — då hos dig
Skall jag åter på vagor blå
För nya verldar gyllne harpan slå."

5

Så den sorgsne. Men sid himlaranden
Freja huldt genom natten ler.
Evigt på den guldbeströdda stranden
Sina tårar hon glänsa ser.
Och sin vän på hafvet helsar hon så mild;
Vagen speglar darrande den huldes bild;
Necken höres på boljan blå
Så gladelig sin gyllne harpa slå.

6

Nattens tärnor, klara stjernor alla
Gå till dans i den stilla qväll,
När de skära silfvertoner skalla
Öfver stranden från häll till häll.
Men när blodig dagens drott i östern står,
Bleknande och rädd den blida stjernan går,
Sorgligt afsked hon blickar ner,
Och gyllne harpan klingar icke mer.

SORROW
(SORGEN)

Translated by Marion Bromley Newton

Swedish Folksong
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Moderato (♩ = 92)

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. From heav - en's dome a - bove me The
2. He won my love com - plete - ly, For
1. Allt un - der him - me - lens fäs - te der
2. Han föll u - ti mitt ty - cke det

ti - ny stars do shine: From heav - en's dome a -
that no blame have I. He won my love com -
sit - ta stjer - nor små allt un - der him - me - lens
rår jag in - te för han föll u - ti mitt

bove me The ti - ny stars do shine: The
plete - ly For that no blame have I. He
fäs - te der sit - ta stjer - nor små den
ty - cke det rår jag in - te för han

mf

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friend I love so dear - ly, He nev - er can be
prom - ised to be faith - ful, Till pale in death we
vän - nen som jag äls - kat den kan jag al - drig
lof - te bli mig tro - gen in - till min ble - ka

mf

mine!
lie!
fä.
död.

f *mf* *pp*

Oh! Oh! Oh!
åh *åh* *åh*

f *p* *f* *pp*

Ped. Ped.

p *rit.* *ppp* *ppp*

Oh! Oh!
åh *åh*

rit. *ppp* *colla parte*

una corda

p

3. And af - ter - ward he
3. Och se'n så for han

p

left me, And then an - oth - er
från mig och se'n fick jag en

came, And af - ter - ward he
an'n och se'n så for han

left me, And then an - oth - er
från mig, och se'n fick jag en

mf

came; One came to me I

an'n jag fick den jag ej

mf

love not, And "Sor - row" is his name. Oh!

vil - le, och sor - gen he - ter han åh

f

f

mf *pp* *p* *rit.*

Oh! Oh! Oh!

åh åh åh

p *f* *pp* *rit.*

Ped.

ppp *ppp a piacere*

Oh!

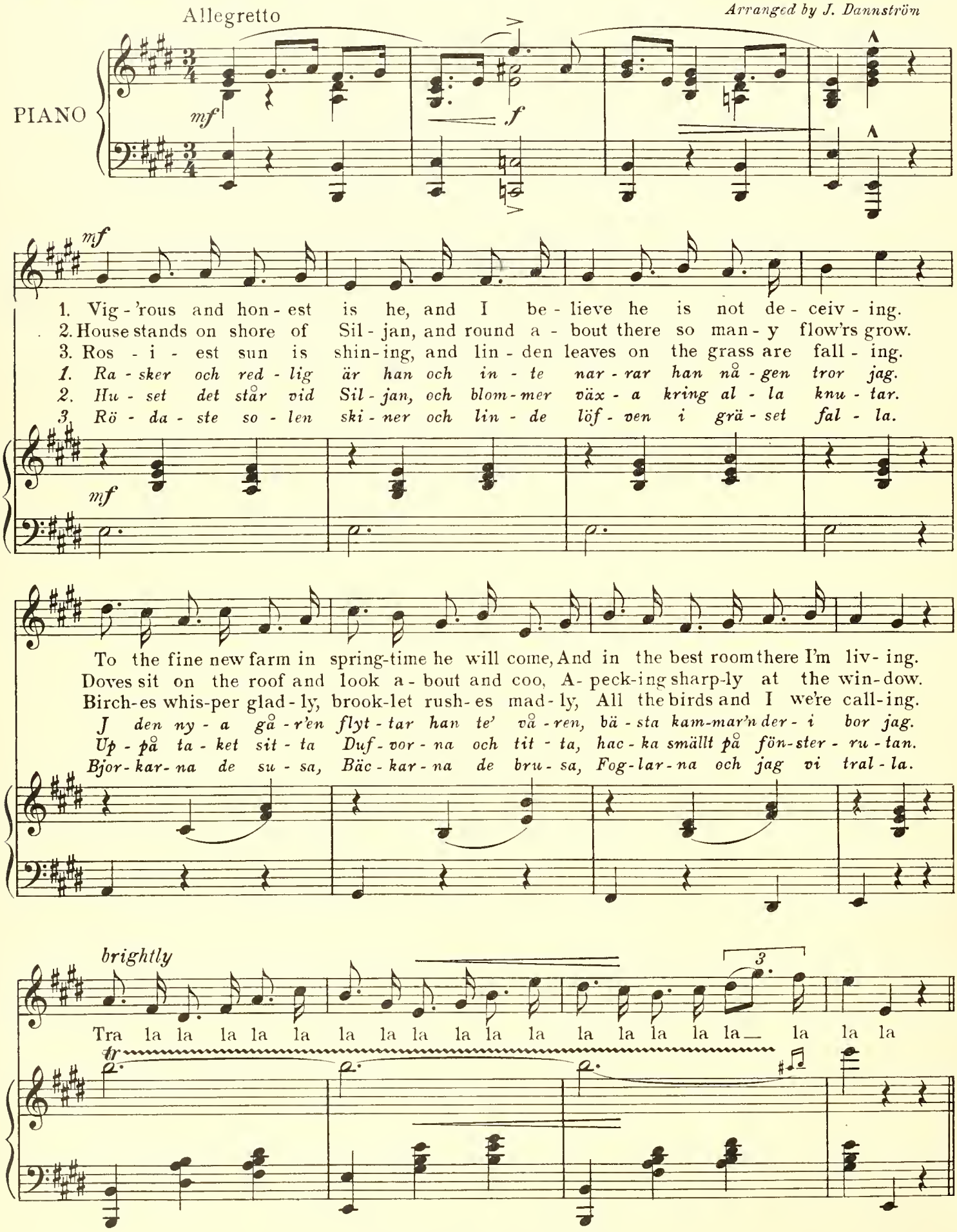
åh.

ppp *colla parte*

VIGOROUS AND HONEST IS HE
(RASKER OCH REDLIG ÄR HAN)

Translated by Marion Bromley Newton

Swedish Folksong from Westberga
Arranged by J. Dannström


Allegretto
PIANO
mf
f
mf
1. Vig-'rous and hon-est is he, and I be-lieve he is not de-ceiv-ing.
2. House stands on shore of Sil-jan, and round a-bout there so man-y flow'rs grow.
3. Ros-i-est sun is shin-ing, and lin-den leaves on the grass are fall-ing.
1. Ra-sker och red-lig är han och in-te nar-rar han nå-gen tror jag.
2. Hu-set det står vid Sil-jan, och blom-mer väx-a kring al-la knu-tar.
3. Rö-da-ste so-len ski-ner och lin-de löf-ven i grä-set fal-la.
mf
To the fine new farm in spring-time he will come, And in the best room there I'm liv-ing.
Doves sit on the roof and look a-bout and coo, A-peck-ing sharp-ly at the win-dow.
Birch-es whis-per glad-ly, brook-let rush-es mad-ly, All the birds and I we're call-ing.
J den ny-a gå-r'en flyt-tar han te' vå-ren, bä-sta kam-mar'n der-i bor jag.
Up-på ta-ket sit-ta Duf-vor-na och tit-ta, hac-ka smällt på fön-ster-ru-tan.
Bjor-kar-na de su-sa, Bäc-kar-na de bru-sa, Fog-lar-na och jag vi tral-la.
brightly
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
tr
3

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meno mosso

Lit - tle friend he may then vis - it as of yore,
Some - times it may hap - pen as with - in we sit,
Twit - t'ring gai - ly un - der sum - mèr sky so blue,
Lil - la vän - nen han får häl - sa på som förr,
Hän - da kan det att der in - nan - för i - bland
Qvitt - ra mun - tert un - der som - mar - him - len blå,

p

pp *rit.* *f espress.*

But if cross he's feel - ing I will close my door, Yes, if cross he's feel - ing,
He and I will quar - rel just a ti - ny bit, He and I will quar - rel,
Quar - rel - ling as they do, hap - py, tho', we two, Quar - rel - ling as they do,
men om han blir knar - rig stän - ger jag min dörr, ja, om han blir knar - rig,
Han och jag vi gnab - bas och - så li - tet grand, han och jag vi gnab - bas,
kif - vas smått som de, men trif - vas bra än - då! kif - vas smått som de, men

pp *rit.* *f col canto*

I will close my door.
just a ti - ny bit.
hap - py, tho', we two.
stan - ger jag min dörr.
och - så li - tet grand.
triff - vas bra än - då.

Ossia:

col canto *ff*

pp

Yes, if cross he's feel - ing I will close my door.
He and I will quar - rel just a ti - ny bit.
Quar - rel - ling as they do, hap - py, tho', we two.
ja, om han blir knar - rig stän - ger jag min dörr.
han och jag vi gnab - bas och - så li - tet grand.
trif - vas bra än - då men trif - vas bra än - då.

col canto

WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN
(NÄR JAG BLEF SJUTTON ÅR)

H. LILLJEBJÖRN (1797-1875)
Translated by Marion Bromley Newton

Swedish Folksong

Andantino, non troppo lento

VOICE

PIANO

1. Four-teen years I had seem'd just to be, Lit - tle maid-en so hap - py and so free; Nev - er heard from a sweet-heart of mine, And nev-er thought of a lov - er so fine.
2. Then one day I be-came sev- en - teen, Bright the sun, cuck-oos sang, and it was spring; All was fair, earth so green, heav-en blue, Yet there was some-thing I miss'd all too true.
3. Yes, the days as they were have gone by, Some-times tear-ful and some-times glad am I. Some-times white is my cheek, some-times red; I care not wheth-er I'm liv-ing or dead.

1. Fjor - ton år tror jag visst att jag va', Li - ten flic - ka, så mun - ter och så gla', ing - en fri - a - re hör - de jag å, Å ing-en hel - ler jag tänk-te up - på.
2. Ser - ra - tre när jag blef sjut - ton år, So - len sken, gö - ken gol, och da va' vår, Allt va' skönt, jor - den grön him - len bla, Men lik - val fel - tes mig nå - got an - då.
3. Ja, nu är dä' ej mer som dä' va', Stun - dom är jag så sor - gsen, stun-dom gla', Stun - dom är jag så hvit, stun-dom rö', Å' jag vill hvar - ken lef - va el - ler dö.

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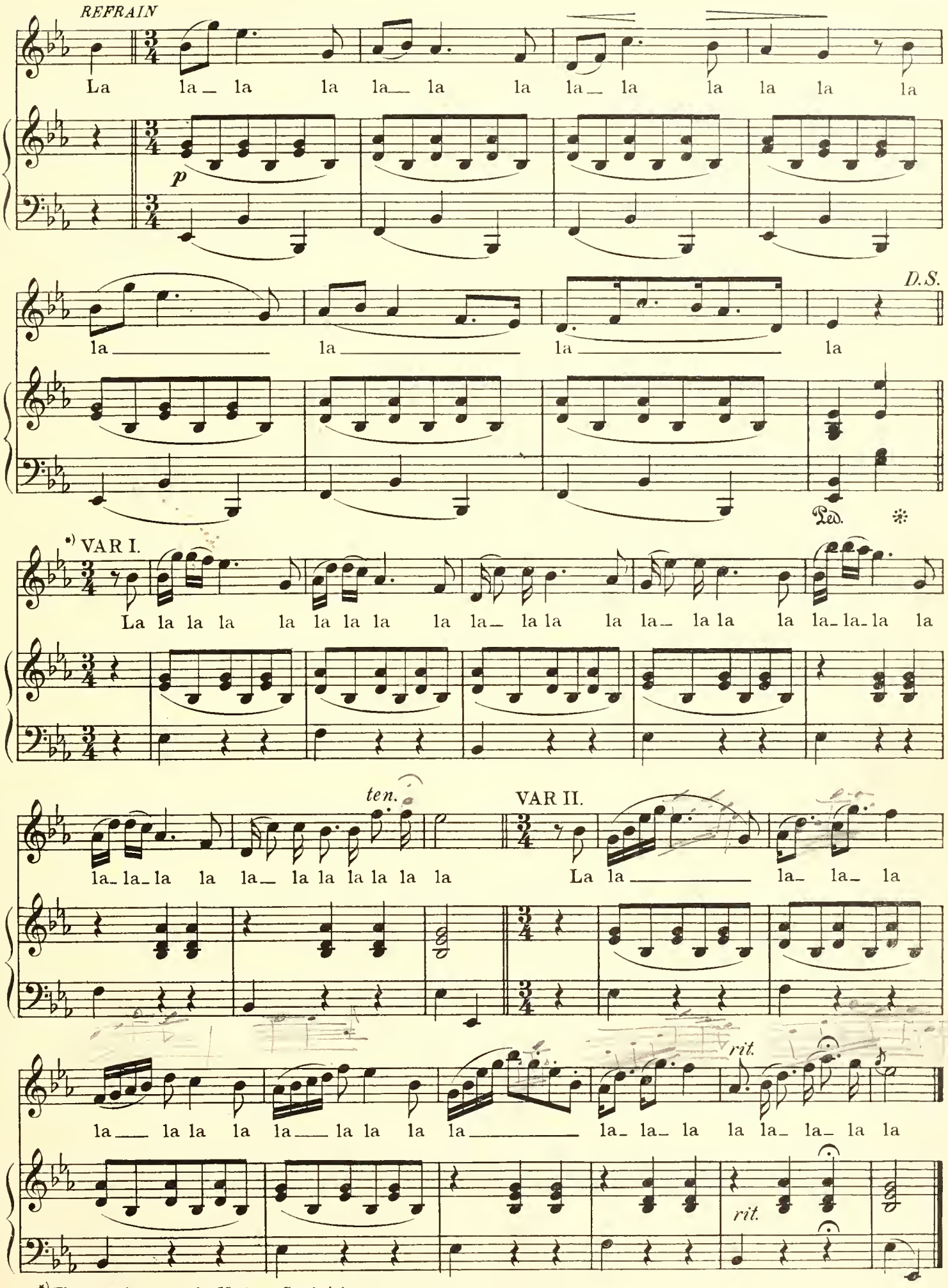
REFRAIN
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la
p
la la la la
D.S.
Ped.
*) VAR I.
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la

MAY SONG
(CANCION DE MAJA)

Andalusian Song
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Gaily, with rhythm (♩.=80)

PIANO

ff

mf

1. Fool-ish lov - ers, cease to lan - guish, Cease to wear-y and com - plain.
2. Sil - ly fel - lows, vain your pas - sion, Dan-gling round me ev-'ry - where,

1. De que sir - ve à las U - si - as Ca - me - lar à lo se - ñor,
2. Un se - ñor cur - ra - ta - qui - llo Me quie - re á mi jon-ja - bar,

p

Leave your sigh - ing, leave your an - guish, Nought to me a - vails your
Dress'd in all the lat - est fash - ion, Such con - ceits I can - not

Si ca - ra - cen de zan - dun - ga A la me - jor o - ca -
Y se vis - te de mil mo - dós Pa - ra po - der - me agra -

poco sostenuto

p

pain. All your wiles ig - nor - ing, Free as bird I'm soar - ing, All your sweet al -
bear. Such fan - tas - tic pa - cing, Bow-ing and grim - a - cing, Emp - ty flat-t'ring

sion? A - si di ma - jo - ta Quie - ro siem-pre an - dar, Que esel ma - ne -
dar. To-do es dar sal - ti - tos Los pies ar - ra - strar, Re - frun-cir la

poco espress.

poco sostenuto

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poco sost. a tempo

lure - ments Light - ly I dis - dain, Gay I'm sing - ing, "Go, poor lov-ers,
speech - es, Curl'd and scent-ed hair. Gay I'm sing - ing, "Go, vain lov-ers,
ji - llo De der - ra - m . sal, Yyo le di - go: Ar - ri - ma - te
bo - ca, El pe - lo pei - nar; Yyo le di - go: Ar - ri - ma - te

a tempo

colla parte

come not near, Go, poor lov-ers, come not near." Ah!
come not near, Go, vain lov-ers, come not near." Ah!
pa ra a - llá, Ar - ri - ma - te pa - ra a - llá. Ay!
pa ra a - llá, Ar - ri - ma - te pa - ra a - llá. Ay!

sf

Last verse

Last verse

ff

ffz

ffz

3. But one only, life's sole treasure,
Has my wild heart caught at last,
And at dances love's soft pleasure
Makes my heart beat loud and fast.
In the dance so sprightly,
He my hand takes lightly;
All my love and longing,
At his feet I cast.
So I'm singing,
"Go, poor lovers, love is here."

3. Un santurron embustero
Me quiere a mi cortejar,
Y pretende mas que todos
Con capa de santidad;
Yo que lo conozco,
Le dejo al hablar,
Y cuando respondo,
Es con mucha sal;
Y yo le digo etc.

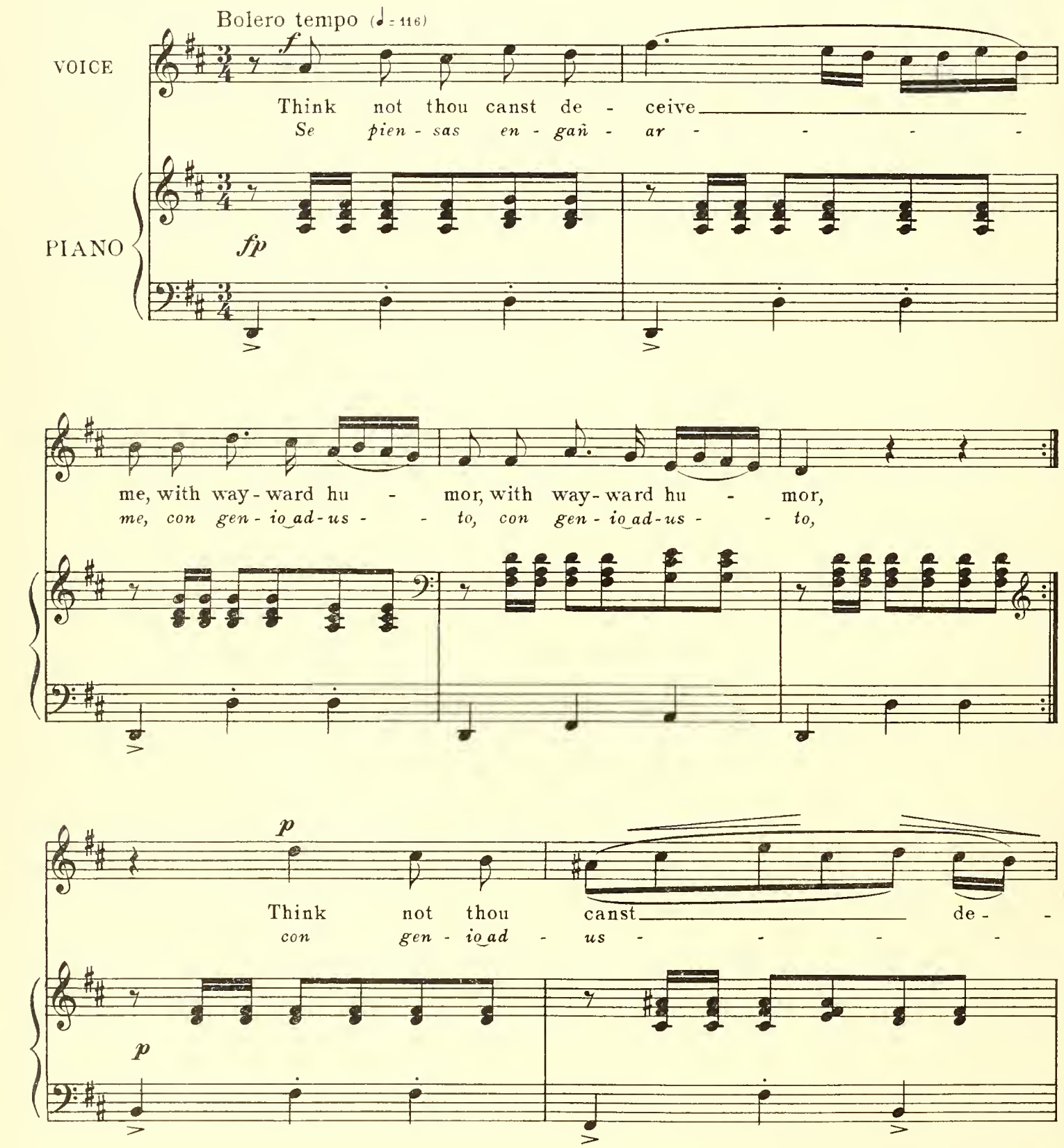
THINK NOT THOU CANST DECEIVE ME

(SE PIENSAS ENGAÑARME)

BOLERO CASTELLANO

Translated by Isidora Martinez

Spanish Folksong
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann



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ceive, think not thou canst de - ceive
to, se pien - sas en - gañ - ar - - - -

mf *f*

me with way - ward hu - - - -
me con gen - io ad - us - - - -

mf *f*

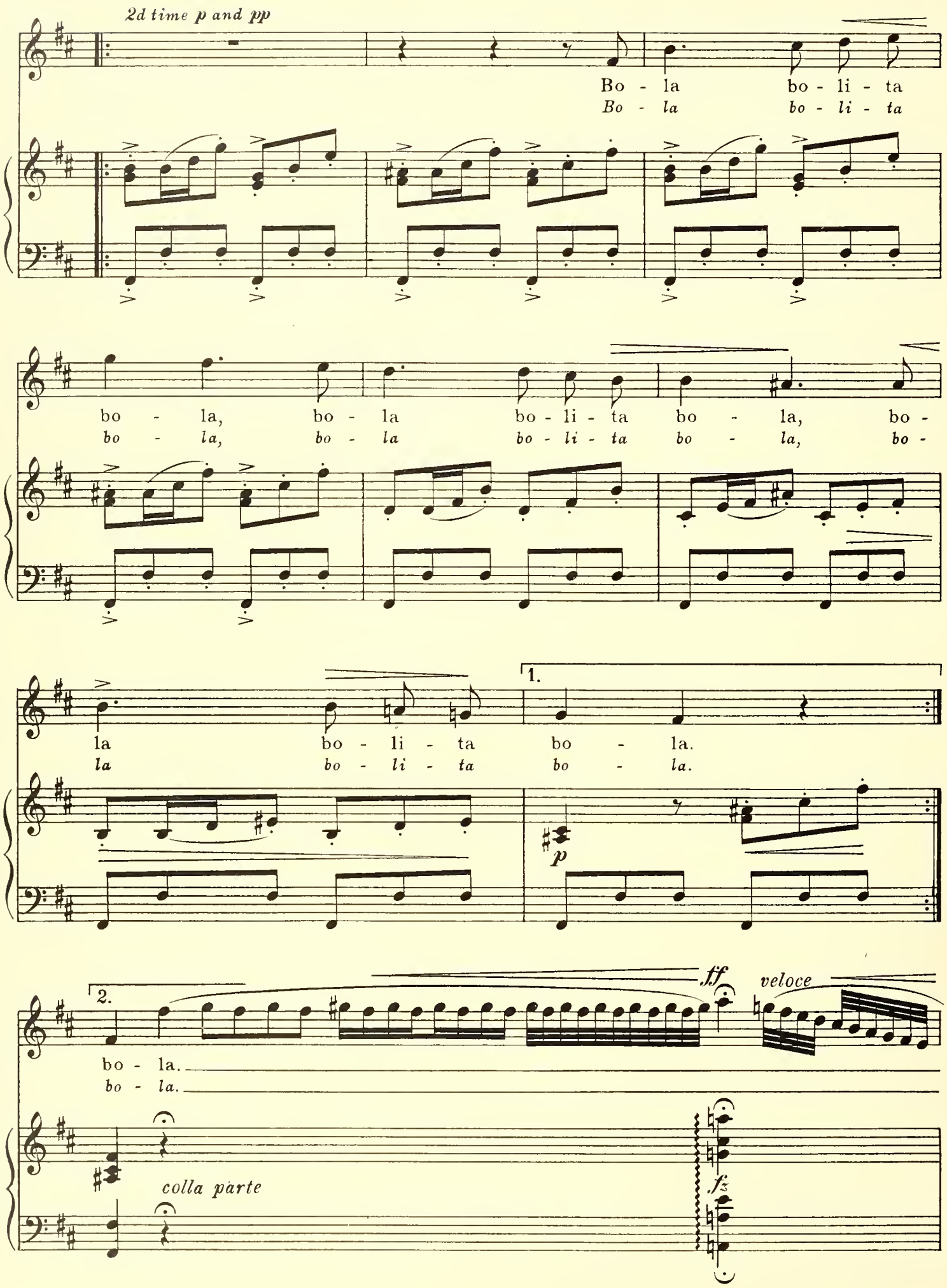
mf *poco sostenuto*

mor, with way - ward hu - mor, thou canst de -
to, con gen - io ad - us - to se pien - sas

p *colla parte*

ceive me!
en - - - - - gañ - ar!

mf *p*


2d time p and pp
Bo - la bo - li - ta
Bo - la bo - li - ta
bo - la, bo - la bo - li - ta bo - la, bo -
bo - la, bo - la bo - li - ta bo - la, bo -
la bo - li - ta bo - la.
la bo - li - ta bo - la.
1.
p
2.
ff
veloce
bo - la.
bo - la.
colla parte
fz

f

Think not thou canst de - ceive me with way-ward hu - -

Se pien-sas en-gañ-ar - - - - - me con gen-io ad-us - -

fz

mor, with way-ward hu - - mor, Think not thou canst de -

to, con gen-io ad-us - - to, Se pien-sas en-gañ -

fz

ceive me with way - ward hu - -

ar - - - - me con gen - io ad-us - -

mor, with way - ward hu - - mor.

to, con gen - io ad-us - - to!

ffz

CRUEL CARAMBA

(TIRANA DEL CARAMBA Y COMO TE QUIERO)

Translated by Isidora Martinez — Spanish Folksong

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Yes - ter - day you said "To - day,"— Yes - ter - day you said "To - day,"— Now you say— t'will be— "To - mor - row."
2. When once you most deep - ly of - fend - ed When once you most deep - ly of - fend - ed, I de - cid - ed to— for - get you,

1. A - yer me di - jis - tes— que hoy, A - yer me di - jis - tes— que hoy, Hoy me di - ces que— ma - ña - na
2. U - na vez que me o - fen - dis - te, U - na vez que me o - fen - dis - te, In - ten - té— dar - te al ol - vi - do,

p

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And to - mor - row sure you'll say ___ That no
'Twas far worse than I in - tend - ed, I'm near
Y ma - ña - na me di - ras ___ Que te
Y por po - qui - to me ___ mue - ro De mie -

more you care a - bout it, That no more ___ you
dead for fear I've ___ lost you, I'm near dead ___ for
se pa - so la ___ ga - na, Que te se ___ pa -
do de con - se - guir - lo, ___ De mie - do ___ de

care ___ a - bout it. Cru - el ty - rant of ___ my be - ing,
fear ___ I've lost you. Should you hear the church-bells toll - ing,
só ___ la ga - na. Ay, ti - ra - na de ___ mi - vi - da,
con - se - guir - lo. Si do - bla - sen las ___ cam - pa - nas.

p

Where-fore do ___ you treat ___ me ill? When you know that
Do not ask ___ for whom it can be, For what oth - er,
Por - qué me ___ tra - tas ___ tan mal? Si sa - bes que
No pre - gun - tes quien mu - rió Quien ha de ser,

well_ I love you, With the tru - est, best_ good
O_ my loved one, Should it be_ if not_ for
yo_ te quie - ro Con muy fi - na vo - lun -
vi - da mi - a, Quien ha de_ ser, si - no

REFRAIN

will? Ca - ram - ba! how much I_ love you! I'd not help it
me?
tad? Ca - ram - ba! co - mo te_ quie - ro Sin po - der - lo
Yo?

e'en if I could!_ Ah!_ Ah!_
re - me - diar,_ Ay,_ ay,_

_ if_ I_ could, if_ I_ could!
_ *re - me - diar, re - me - diar.*

SLEEP, MY CHILD
(AÏNTE)

Translated by H. F. B.

(Syria)

Folksong from Smyrna
*Arranged by L. A. Bourgault-Ducoudray**)

Andante (♩=48)
mormorando

VOICE

Sleep, my child, my pret - ty
Aï - - - - - nte. aï - nte koi -

PIANO

pp

one, and soft - - ly dream. Cai - -
mē - - - sou, Ko - - rē mou. K'é - - -

poco cresc.

ro in rice I'll make and give
gó, k'é - gó nà soũ cha - ri - - -

poco cresc. - - -

p

pp

thee. All A - lex - an - - dria in su - - gar
so tēn A - le - xán - - - dra sa - - cha -

*) *Taken from the "Collection of Melodies of Greece and the Orient," by L. A. Bourgault-Ducoudray, published by Henry Lemoine & Cie.*

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poco cresc.

sweet, Cai - - - ro in rice, in hon - - -
ri kai tò kai tò Mi - sè - - -

pp

poco cresc.

p

- - ey all the Nile, For thee Con -
- - ri ri - - - si, Kai tèn Kon -

pp

pp

stan - - - ti - no - - ple and there three
stan - - - ti - nou - po - li, treis chró - nous

dim.

ppp

poco riten.

years shalt thou reign.
nà tēn ri - - sēs.

dim. col. canto morendo

THE SUN HANGS HIGH

(CHARKI HIDJAZ)

(Turkey)

Translated by H. F. B.

(Khanjian)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mp

The sun hangs high in the burn - ing noon,
Her né rut - bé if - ti - har it -

Ossia
8va lower

mf

and my soul thirsts for thee with de - sire.
sem - dé chim - di va - - r yé - ri.

1st time f
2d time pp

O my be - lov - ed!
E - y - lé - di - n i - h -

scorn not my sor - row, list to the plead - ing of my heart.
ya sé - ra - pa - y du - n ghi - djé bou ké - m - té - ri.

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mp *mf*

Be_ thou my moon_ of_ sil - ver_ splen - dor, Shed o'er_ thy_ slave thy
Sé - v - mé - mé - k ka - bil_ o - lour - mou sén ghu - lu_ na -

mp *mf*

ra - di - ant_ glo - ry. Low-ly_ I_ wor - ship thee from_ a - far,
zi - k té - ri_ Sé - v - mé - mék_ ka - - bil o - lou - r-mou

p *p*

mf

Though with an - guish_ am_ I_ bro - ken. O_ my_ be - lov - ed!
sen ghu - lu_ na - - zi - k té - ri_ E - y - lé - di - n i - h -

1st time f
2d time pp

mf

1st time f
2d time pp

scorn not my_ sor - row, list to the plead - ing_ of_ my_ heart._
ya_ sé - ra - pa - y du - n ghi - djé_ bou_ ké - m - té - ri._